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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 832. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

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£500 in Prizes GET The ★ of FORTUNE PUZZLE 1/-

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by

"A Gentleman with a Duster"

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Date..... J.B. 11.11.22.

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BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. RUDSON, 54, Bristol Rd., Edgbaston.
NR. WOKING.—E. H. KARSLAKE, 5, The Crescent, Pyrford.
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ILFORD.—A. BUTTERFIELD, 163, Coventry Road.

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GATESHEAD.—Mrs. A. M. MCCOY, 2, Atkinson Terrace.
SHEFFIELD.—W. BOOKER, 80, Buttermere Road, Millhouses.
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Many names unavoidably held over.

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(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)
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.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date.....

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Address.....

JOHN BULL.

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

An Election Tip.

There is too much about Party in this election; not enough about policy. It is policy that matters.

Naked and Unashamed.

Watch Lloyd George. Before the Election is over he will come out as a Liberal without prefix, hyphen or suffix.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

The real reason why our troops are kept in Mesopotamia is because our politicians have money invested there in the oil-fields. Look out for Revelations, with a capital "R."

Search their Cellars.

Germans are getting back to underground service in London hotels. The Aliens' Restriction Act expires next month. We urge Westminister to renew it.

A Big Money Offer.

Should Mr. Lloyd George accept his well-paid lecture-tour offer from America, he might earn his money by telling the U.S. that we did not borrow for ourselves, but for our Allies, and that the war was not fought to make gold safe for Washington.

Led by the Nose.

Despite all denials, we repeat that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George would bury the hatchet to-morrow were they not content to be led by the nose by followers who cannot see beyond their own noses. And then they talk of the lofty view in politics!

Our Wise Men.

Mr. Bonar Law thought he could scrap the Ministry of Pensions by a stroke of the pen, but it was left to the Law Officers of the Crown to point out to him his error. And the point escaped the "first-class minds" out of office as well.

Sound Sense.

We have seldom heard a shrewder comment upon industrial matters than that of Lieut-Col. Grant Morden, who says that whenever Capital and Labour fall out they should meet "always round the table and never across the table." No wonder the Labour Party in Chiswick have not thought fit to oppose him.

Snowed Under.

Labour has been snowed under by the Municipal voters. What could it expect? This country will not stand for Bolshevism.

Theory and Practice.

Mr. Clynes tells us that a Capital Levy would be a capital thing for all of us. In Switzerland the mere suggestion of it caused a run on the banks.

Dearer Tea.

The increase of twopence a pound in the price of tea is explained by the poor Indian crop. But the profiteers are not all dead—or reformed.

The Dishonest Gambler.

Germany says she cannot pay. The Berlin police admit that there are five hundred gambling dens open in Berlin every night. Who said: "Search Their Pockets"?

The Staff of Life.

Lord Bledisloe calculates that bread, which costs ninepence, should be sold at sevenpence. He indicts the bakers, on whom words are wasted. We need an act to regulate this—a chance for Bonar Law.

The New Jerusalem.

Mr. Runicman says that we cannot stay in Mesopotamia because other people own oil fields there, and the Jews, not the British taxpayers, should pay for Palestine. A hit, with both barrels.

A "Red" Offer.

Moscow "Reds" have been inquiring whether British Labour would accept a generous contribution to its election war chest. The reply was a negative one. Why not divert the Red gold to the Russian Famine Fund—if there is famine?

A Promising Recruit.

There could have been no better choice than Sir Philip Lloyd-Graeme for the post of President of the Board of Trade. The work he did at the last Hague Conference, from which Mr. Lloyd George was unavoidably absent, proved him to have the makings of a first-class statesman.

Thoughtful.

It was nice of the Lloyd George Liberals to set up a department for writing the election addresses of candidates. There will at least be some uniformity in the views put forward, but unless an interpreter is supplied with each address one can imagine candidates in difficulties over these ready made programmes.

Condolences.

Lord Birkenhead is again having serious trouble with his eyes. This is the worst of bad luck for a "bonnie fighter."

Facing Facts.

Mexican authorities now refuse to issue marriage licences unless doctors' certificates of health are produced. A better plan than ours—ignoring disease and talking eugenics.

Safety First.

The ex-Kaiser, who was to have been tried in London, has been married in Holland. He has some reason for continuing to despise the politicians.

The Quality of Mercy.

Mr. Justice Lush is to be congratulated on being the first Judge to give the new and more merciful sentence for infanticide. It is better late than never to incorporate pity with justice.

Why the Mystery?

Why all the mystery about the ex-enemy alien who has suddenly left this country as the sequel to his complaint about his correspondence being opened? Would it not be wiser to publish his name and full particulars?

Brutal Bondage.

The first duty of the new Parliament, whatever its political complexion, should be to alter the law which binds Mrs. Rutherford for life to "a dangerous, violent, and homicidal lunatic," to quote Lord Birkenhead.

More Economy.

The setting up of the Irish Free State will mean more money for new Customs Houses dealing with passenger and goods traffic. What about Free Trade within the Empire now, and the savings that was to be effected by letting Ireland manage her own affairs?

A Church Scandal.

At last it is officially recommended that the sale of livings in the Church of England should be abolished. It is a scandal that the right to appoint a shepherd should be sold to the highest bidder, regardless of the feelings of the flock.

The Sort We Want.

Why will Labour fight its friends? There could be no better representative for a working-class constituency than Mr. J. D. Cassels, the brilliant young barrister, who stands to win in a three-cornered contest at West Leyton. His Army record alone stamps him as the right stuff.

Straight from the Shoulder.

A man named Ward, of Tottenham, charged with assault in the street, justified the blow because the other man had insulted Ward's wife. The Magistrate, very properly, fined the assaulted one and told Ward he had acted as an Englishman ought. Congratulations to Ward and to the Magistrate. There are some things Englishmen do not take lying down.

Theatre to Doss House.

According to Canon Sheppard, Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, one of London's big churches, many people on leaving the theatres take a morbid pleasure in visiting the crypt "to gloat over the unfortunates huddled on the benches or on the floor." How callously cruel such people must be! What would be their feelings if by some reverse of fortune they were the after-theatre pictures, and the homeless and hungry were the sightseers?

Extortion and Injury.

A woman summoned for assault at Tipton, Staffs, was stated to have demanded and received 15s. a week for four months in respect of a loan of £1 14s. to a married woman. When the latter declined to pay any more the defendant first threatened, and then struck her. And the Magistrates merely bound the usurer over to keep the peace! Surely there should be a sequel to this?

Home, Sweet Home.

William Reast, the Thornton collier, who as stated last week has been residing with his wife and six children in a cow-shed, has received notice to quit as the shed is wanted for cattle. There is nothing now for this unfortunate family but to go to the workhouse. Reast has not long been out of a sanatorium, and his wife is nursing a nine-months-old baby. With what fervour they must sing "Home, Sweet Home"!

Not to "Employ" Her Own Son!

At Wolverhampton they have fined a mother 10s. for "employing" her own son, who is under 12, by sending him to the railway station for a parcel. The mother keeps a small shop and, presumably, is a busy woman trying to eke out an honest livelihood. But the Magistrate thought it a just and proper thing to add to her burdens by applying a by-law in a case which could not have been contemplated by those who framed it!

The Right Stuff.

Ten-year-old Vera Caspell, of Egham, is made of the right stuff. Her left foot was run over and crushed through a fall between a train and the station platform. Her suffering must have been terrible, but she bore it without a murmur. An admiring railwayman, who assisted her, exclaimed: "You are a plucky one." She is, and while the future mothers of our race are built on Vera's lines we need not lie awake o' nights worrying about Britain's future.

"Mary, Pity Women!"

"If I can't repay, God will." This was the message pinned to a six-weeks-old child found abandoned in a Sunderland passage. "Its mother is not wanted in this world," the letter added, with an appeal that the baby should be cared for. The child will be looked after—but God help a poor unwanted mother, agonising in a world where plenty would willingly help—if they only knew. And somewhere a man is slinking in the background, not less afraid of the light than his broken-hearted victim.

An Altruist.

Mr. W. Groves, a clerk in the office of the Northamptonshire Insurance Committee, has risen to the height of a great thought, he has reduced his own salary by £50. Where is that medal?

A Blunt Question.

Harry Freer, of Ellistown, kicked his dog to death, and got off with a fine. "He should do what he liked," he said, "with his own dog." The Chairman told him he was lucky not to be sent to gaol. Why wasn't he? Was he let off to encourage the others?

Paul Pry Doubted.

Sir Henry Duke, in the Divorce Court the other day, did not accept a story told him by Alexander Lord, of Church. Any man who goes about peeping through a crevice in the side of a blind into another man's house should be taught that an Englishman's home is his castle, into which no modern Paul is entitled to pry.

Abominable.

Like so many other places, Bethnal Green is not yet wholly fit for heroes to live in. One of them is Albert Copper, now a carman, late in the R.F.A. This man has to live with his wife and six children in two rooms, two of the girls being nearly twenty. At night the family of eight sleep in a room 12 ft. square, infested with sewer rats. What a reward of merit!

A Lamb for the Slaughter.

For leaving a lamb helpless in a field for two days, while it was being eaten alive by maggots and flies, the Mansfield Magistrates fined Walter Jackson, of Blidworth (Notts), who had been a shepherd all his life, a paltry £5, and then allowed him time to pay! Surely, after showing such unmerited leniency, the Magistrates will never dare to look a lamb in the face again as long as they live.

Rubbing It In.

The wife of a Salford man not long out of hospital was recently forced to apply for relief, when she was subjected to a course of bullying and unwarranted innuendo. The next day her invalid husband was closely questioned by an official, and, subsequently, his late employer was interrogated, as well as his trade union officials. Eventually a relief ticket for groceries to the value of £1 was vouchsafed. Is it not possible to give relief without so much humiliation?

Kind of All.

While little six-year-old Emma Frances Katterhorn, of Hoxton, was being dressed by her mother near the fire a spark flew on her nightdress and ignited it. Wrapping the poor child in a blanket the distracted mother wheeled her to hospital in a perambulator, where her little suffering soul passed away. The child lived in two rooms with nine of the family. No wonder the City Coroner was moved to give the mother a £1 note and the jury to present her with their fees.

A Kindly Thought.

Seldom do we hear of such a morally refreshing remark as that made by Bailie Bryce, who was presented with a silver rose-bowl on performing the opening ceremony of a new cinema in Glasgow. The Bailie, in returning thanks, confessed that he would rather not have had the token, but would have preferred to have given the value of it to the poor children of the district. This sentiment might well be copied by others who have opportunities of influencing the decisions in such cases.

Is it Fair?

In order to procure cheap labour, Rugby Rural District Council decided to engage men in receipt of relief to paint two bridges. Mr. J. Livington supported the cheapness argument with the declaration that "it was no use taking any notice of Trade Unionists." This suggestion to exploit the position of the unfortunate is low down!

"From Those That Have Not—"

For the larceny of £23 10s., the moneys of an invalid woman and her aged father, Thomas and Ada Simpson were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labour by the Hinckley (Leicestershire) Magistrates. All the parties lived in the same village and the money had been raised by a charitable appeal. The thieves were elderly, but surely six weeks is too short a sentence for such a cruel act.

"Suicide Spot."

Frank Cartwright (52), a Worcester taxi-driver, was decapitated by an express train where seven other suicides have taken place within a distance of one hundred yards. It has become known as "Suicide Spot." It was stated that a hut enables the would-be suicide to hide until the last minute, when he flings himself in front of the engine, the driver having no chance to pull up. We suggest that there should be no eighth case. Remove that hut!

Happy-Go-Lucky Kidderminster.

After a motorist, J. Breakwell (a local licensed victualler), had run into the members of a Salvation Army band and knocked down and injured one of them, he appeared before the Kidderminster Magistrates, who dismissed the case on payment of costs because the Mayor thought the accident probably happened through inexperience on the part of the driver! A fat lot of satisfaction to pedestrians who are placed at the mercy of unqualified road users!

The Wrong Way.

John Titcombe, of Carmarthen, who said that he had been looking for work since demobilisation in 1917, burnt a hayrick to draw attention to his grievance. He got twelve months. The plight of the unemployed ex-soldier is very hard: it is not improved by wanton destruction of property. The man who does this sort of thing is a traitor to the other patient sufferers in the cruel battle of unemployment. He makes things harder for them as well as himself.

Exploiting a Child.

The other day a constable, disguised in civilian attire and accompanied by a little girl, asked the driver of a charabanc on the road between Denham and Harefield for a lift. The driver, out of consideration for the child, acquiesced, and accepted a reduced fare. On reaching Harefield, the policeman showed his gratitude by declaring himself; and the driver he had tricked was subsequently fined 40s. for plying for hire with an unlicensed carriage. A despicable deception.

Two Terrible Tragedies.

To what depths of despair continued unemployment will reduce some married men is illustrated by the suicide of Edward Stanley Crossey, a Bath engineer's fitter, who drowned himself; and of Frederick Alfred Sherwood, a Sandgate builder's labourer, who blew out his brains. The former was expecting an increase to his family; the latter's son, like himself, was out of work. Timely aid from our "Greatest of These" Fund frequently prevents the enactment of similar tragedies.

Forty and Still Outside.

Our Police Court system is hardly a striking success. Although Annie Evans, a woman of forty, made her hundred and fifty second appearance at Cardiff, a fatuous fine of forty shillings was all that happened. It is truly time we had medical men in the Courts to test the sanity of the defendants—and the Magistrates.

The Teacher-Mother.

The Cardiff City Coroner, in the case of the eight-year-old son of Mrs. Sarah Jones, a school teacher, pointed out that the little chap had been robbed of a mother's care and devotion. If she had been where she ought to have been, namely, at home nursing her sick child, instead of doing work that ought to have been left to a single woman, she would have had more of the sympathy of the Coroner—and of the public.

A Vampire.

Nobody is likely to shed any tears for Hannah Makinson, of Waltham Cross. For fourteen years this pestiferous, hypocritical and immoral woman has preyed on her dupes under the cloak of religion and robbed them. She has belonged to as many as six religious sects locally. Even the offertory box has not been safe from her clutches. Three months' hard labour is her latest sentence. She has well earned it.

A Timely Prosecution.

We are glad to see that the R.S.P.C.A. undertook a prosecution at Dewsbury against Percy Grundell, of Naylor's Fold, Batley Carr, for aiding and abetting in working a horse in an unfit condition. At the same time, it is significant that he bought a horse for 5s. on the understanding that he would have it slaughtered immediately, but that he exchanged it for a bundle of candles. We are not sure that a fine of £5 was adequate punishment.

Cheap Brutality.

Because he objected to his landlady having another lodger, Lewis Williams, a Caerphilly miner, smashed her in the face with his fist, giving her two black eyes, and inflicting other injuries to her face and chest. The Chairman of the Magistrates regarded this as "a very serious assault" on a woman of fifty-eight years—and fined the defendant three pounds. How much would the brutal bruiser have had to pay if he had given the magistrate two black eyes, we wonder.

Live and Let Live.

Why Percival Coates, an ex-Service man who, without pension, dole, or relief of any kind, has obtained a living in the market place in Southwark Park Road for the last 3½ years, should suddenly have been pounced upon by a policeman and arrested for obstruction, while a foreigner was allowed to take his place, is a mystery to us. It seems to have puzzled the Magistrate at Tower Bridge somewhat, for he promptly dismissed the case. May not a man live in the country he has fought for?

Dangerous Decay.

The Oldbury Urban District Council would be well advised to give instant attention to the deplorable condition of the houses Nos. 1, 2, 3, 27 and 29, Engine Street, since the owner seems to be reluctant to put them into proper repair. When it comes to broken joists in bedroom ceilings endangering the lives of persons sleeping under them, and the legs of bedsteads penetrating the ceiling of the room beneath, delay becomes criminal. It is well that the Ministry of Health has already taken notice of this scandalous neglect.

Les Petits Chevaux.

Twenty showmen of Wigan Fair have been fined £1 each for permitting gambling by means of wooden horses fixed in a table worked by a wheel. In the Continental casinos they call this game *les petits chevaux*, otherwise "little horses." In this country it is almost too shocking to mention.

A Complaint Scorned.

Because his dormitory was cold and the skilly served out to him at Fulwood casual ward poor, Richard Jones protested by refusing to do task work, and was given fourteen days in gaol by the Preston County Justices. Some gaols provide better food for their visitors than some workhouses—but the Magistrates might have investigated the complaint.

Suicide Pacts.

We are glad to find Mr. Justice Lush in agreement with us in advocating a revision of the law that if two persons agree to commit suicide together and only one succeeds the survivor is held liable for the murder of the other. "No jury should be asked to convict of murder in such circumstances," he said, in sentencing Norah Walker to one month's imprisonment for attempted suicide at Mablethorpe. We hope we have heard the last of such painful and unnecessary prosecutions.

Heaven and Hell

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MY friend Canon Gamble of Bristol, is reported to have said recently in an address on the future state: "We no longer picture heaven and hell as places to which men are sent in reward or punishment for what they have done in this life; we have no reason to believe that there are such places.

"We have no authoritative information regarding the super-sensual world and cannot have such information in our present state.

"Only by the spirit can the future life be known."

This utterance has been represented as amounting to a denial of the reality of heaven and hell, which it certainly was not meant to be.

The report of the Canon's words may not be quite exact, but even as it stands it is clear enough.

Heaven is more a state than a place, and so is hell.

We may learn that from what we see around us without dogmatising about the life beyond.

Amiel says in his famous journal: "Heaven, hell, the world are within us; man is the great abyss."

And Fitzgerald makes the immortal Omar say:

I sent my soul through the invisible
Some letter of that after life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me
And whispered, I myself am heaven and hell.

People are too ready to disbelieve in hell nowadays or too careless about it.

If this be a morally ordered universe then the consequences of evil living must sooner or later be painful. Just as surely does good living make for happiness.

This life is too short for the full effect of either to be seen, but all that is best in us points to a final adjustment somewhere.

The law of cause and effect is as truly operative in the moral as in the physical sphere.

Back to the Land.

An anonymous advertiser inserts the following under "Situations Vacant" in a South Coast paper: "A comfortable home, full board and 5s. per week pocket money offered to respectable young man with knowledge of farming. Apply Box——." We wonder why he wasted a penny on the word "respectable." He need not fear that anyone with a taste for riotous living will apply for the job.

A Child's Keep.

We recently commented on the disclosure at West Ham Police Court of the fact that the cost of maintaining a three-year-old child by the Guardians averaged as much as forty-five shillings a week. We now observe an advertisement by the Ashton-under-Lyne Guardians for applications for the boarding out of three children, aged 6, 8 and 12 years, for 9s. each weekly! From one extreme to the other.

The Charity of the Poor.

Since their widowed mother was taken to hospital, Mrs. Osborne, of 66, Leyes Road, Custom House, herself a war widow, has kept four orphaned children in addition to her own, but has at last found it impossible to continue her charitable task, owing to her own poverty. We trust that the South Essex Coroner's appeal for someone to relieve her of the burden—which she unselfishly assumed—will not be disregarded.

A Fine for "Vicious Cruelty."

Two brutes—Charles Folden of Lockyer Street, Bermondsey, and John Sullivan, of Staple Street, Borough—were lately convicted of prodding a horse (described as very old, weak and lame) with the steel core in a whip handle, causing wounds which showed "most vicious cruelty." For this exhibition of savagery they were merely fined £2 each. Of such inexcusable leniency the Guildhall Bench should be heartily ashamed.

A Royal Commission Scandal.

Again we ask, what has become of the £100,000 placed at the disposal of the Royal Commission on Loss and Suffering by Enemy Action? Mr. W. Darman, of Old Kent Road, S.E., lost his home during an air raid. He is now out of work. Referred to local charitable authorities, he was told by them to go into the Workhouse. Can anything more "uncharitable" be imagined. Does the Royal Commission intend to "get busy"?

Stole for Cigs. and Cinema.

A month's hard labour, to which he was sentenced by the Mansfield Magistrates, ought to teach William Straw, a 22-year-old miner, that life's little luxuries must be honestly obtained. Straw's excuse for stealing cash from a woman by false pretences was: "I wanted Woodbines, and I wanted to go to the pictures." As he was working full time at the pit, his earnings should have run to cigs. and cinemas.

The Heathen at Home.

It will be a good thing if Lavina Edwards, single woman, of Markham, a colliery village near Tredegar, is given a taste of the treatment in the prison where she is to stay for the next six weeks which she meted out to her six children. When she was charged with neglecting them it was stated she frequently went away for days at a time leaving the little ones with but a crust or so to eat. What is the use of spending money trying to convert the heathen in foreign lands when there is an ample supply of heathen on our own doorstep?

EXPLOITING the Nation's NURSES

A Scandal of Bullying and Cajoling

The nursing profession is, unfortunately, one of the worst paid and most harshly treated. Not for the first time, we raise our voice on its behalf.

IS there any body of workers to whom, in the dark days of the great war, the nation owed a greater debt of gratitude than our splendid British nurses?

Yet to-day the nurses of this country are in revolt. For gratitude they have got neglect, for devotion they have got exploitation.

Take the history of that strange institution, the College of Nurses, Limited, founded by people who were neither doctors nor nurses. When that company was floated, with the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, brother of Lord Derby, at its head, nurses were invited to join at a guinea a head, on the promise that if the Council's Registration Bill came into force, the nurses who paid their guinea would be automatically placed on the State Register.

The promise brought in 20,000 guineas, but it was not kept. When the Bill was passed, it did not provide for the promised automatic registration, and the College offered to refund the guineas, but asked nurses, if they could afford it, not to press for the return of their money!

In spite of this handsome endowment from the nurses, the College wanted more money. It got it from the Nation's Fund for Nurses. This organisation, of which Sir Arthur Stanley is the present Chairman, was set up to provide endowment and benevolent funds for all nurses in distress. Its business was to raise money. It succeeded.

The public were appealed to for nurses broken in health and destitute. It gave generously.

Up to the end of 1919 over £100,000 was raised. The Red Cross gave nearly £50,000 in addition. Of this money how much was given to nurses *in distress*? A little over two thousand pounds!

It takes one's breath away. The public contributed to the Nation's Fund for Nurses so that all who were broken in health and destitute should benefit. Yet over eight thousand pounds went in expenses, salaries and advertising—and only two thousand in charity. What became of the rest? For years there were no balance-sheets. Why?

And what is this College of Nurses, Limited?

Its Council certainly is not representative of the nurses themselves. There are twenty-five people on it. Twenty-one of them represent the hospitals, as matrons, doctors, and laymen; *four* represent the nurses.

Nurses do not want to be exploited by charitable appeals—run by people who are not nurses. They do not benefit by money raised as in the case of the National Fund for Nurses. They do not want the affairs of their profession administered by outsiders. The College of Nursing stated that it would be governed by trained nurses. It never has been.

The Nurses demand an inquiry into the working of the College, where the funds raised for nurses have gone, why they are excluded from adequate representation in the affairs of their own profession.

Their position at present is a grave scandal. It is inducing women to throw up their noble calling in despair.

Why? In order that self-constituted authorities, with dominating ideas, and appealing in the name of charity, should occupy the limelight.

Enough of this foolery. Let the nation stand by those who stood by it.

A PREMIUM ON MURDER

Officialdom Takes Fright At Last

Why has the appalling public peril disclosed by the recent official inquiry into the present slipshod method of giving death certificates been hushed up?

AT last officialdom is uneasy in mind regarding the existing regulations for the issue of death certificates. In view of a number of recent scandals it was decided to order an exhaustive inquiry into the position.

The law as it stands does not require the doctor to be present at the death, it does not call on him to make even the most superficial examination. It requires him only to certify that to the best of his knowledge and belief the patient died of such and such a complaint. In thousands of cases the medical man signing the certificate has not seen the deceased for days before death, and takes it for granted that the complaint, for which he may have attended him at any time from a week to six months before his death, has been fatal.

It has been found by the official inquirer that all that is necessary is to have a doctor called in when a patient is obviously suffering from some complaint that might sooner or later prove fatal. He goes away after prescribing for the patient and forgets all about the case until, at a period of a month or even six months later, someone appears at his surgery and asks him to sign the death certificate.

The doctor consults his case-book and finds that on such and such a date he attended the person referred to for the specified complaint. He hears that the patient has been ill ever since and has just died. He does not want the trouble of a visit to the place to satisfy himself that the death occurred from the cause that seems obvious, so he signs the certificate, collects his fee, and leaves a possible murderer with a convincing testimony to his own innocence.

It remains to be seen whether the experts who have been making the inquiry for the authorities will dare publish their full findings, but it is certain that they are aghast at what they have discovered, and they feel so strongly that they are urging on the Government immediate amendment of the law to make it impossible for any doctor to certify death unless he has seen the patient and satisfied himself that death was due to the cause set out on the certificate.

A common instance of how easy it is to put a premium on murder is that of a man or woman suffering from gastric trouble. The doctor can see plainly what is the matter, and knows that the patient may at any time be carried off in a fit of exhaustion brought on by violent purging due to his complaint.

But suppose there is someone at hand with an interest in hastening the death? It is the easiest thing in the world to administer something, say powdered glass, to intensify the trouble and to all intents and purposes the resultant death is the natural outcome of the original complaint.

Even with close examination of the symptoms the doctor cannot tell the difference between the real and the artificial complaint. There are cases when only a *post mortem* would reveal the truth. How much easier therefore must it be for a murderer to carry out his plan and to escape detection under the slipshod methods now in vogue?

The law will be strengthened only if the public make it clear that they are alive to the fact that the existing system puts a premium on murder, and insist on having immediate amendment of the law on the lines that the Government experts are too terrified to make public at present lest they should reveal the ease with which murder can be committed.

HAVENS OF REST . . . . . Wicked Conditions In Charitable Institutions

AMAZING revelations have been made to us in connection with the Corbridge Haven Home, Pitsmoor, Sheffield, the Matron and Assistant Matron of which were recently convicted of neglecting children under their care in a manner to cause them unnecessary suffering. In fining the former £5, and binding over the latter for twelve months, the Chairman of the Bench said that the Magistrates were strongly of opinion that such homes should not be run without proper supervision and proper committees.

What are the facts, most of which were not disclosed during the hearing of the case?

The Home was started in 1910 as a semi-religious charitable institution, and for several years was under the supervision of a small committee. Since 1915, however, no committee has sat, and the administration has remained entirely in the hands of the Matron, a Miss Eliza King. With her is a Miss Lily Bested as Assistant Matron, and an official collector for the Home, who is paid a commission on the collections and given food and lodging at the institution.

During the last year the home raised £817, mostly from charitable sources, including £400 the proceeds of a Flag Day authorised by the Sheffield Watch Committee.

As a result of persistent rumours regarding the condition of the home, the N.S.P.C.C. made an inspection, and discovered a terrible state of affairs.

Georgina Bryan, aged 10, was suffering from scabies and had dirty underclothing; Frances Burns, aged 12, was poorly nourished and had sore eyes and scabies; Lucy Kerr, aged 12, had scabies and forage lice; Mary Chapman, aged 15, had a verminous head; May Ives, aged 11, was poorly nourished, and had dirty body, verminous head, and scabies; Gertrude Cartwright, aged 7, was poorly nourished and was found in the rain with her feet soaking wet through, her boots falling to pieces.

In addition to the children, there were several feeble old women in the Home. Six bedrooms were supposed to provide accommodation for twenty inmates and staff. One was occupied by the Matron and Assistant Matron, another by the collector, another by two old women, one of whom was blind, another by a woman and one child, another by a woman and three children, another by a woman and four children.

All the bedding was dirty, the linen in one instance being stained by a patient 83 years of age who was mentally deficient, incapable, and suffering from a particularly disagreeable and contagious disease.

The astounding thing is that a Home of this character should have been made use of by police authorities and probation officers in flagrant disregard of the provisions of the Children Act.

Most of the work of the place was done by an imbecile girl of 16, who had been sent there by the probation officer of another town, and other children had been placed there by Police Court Missionaries and probation officers of other districts.

Apparently it was not until a report was made to the Home Office and an inspector was sent down that the discovery was made that the Home was not registered in accordance with the Act!

Such institutions as this may be found in almost every large town, and it is about time steps were taken by the authorities to purge these "Havens of Rest."

THE 'BACK-STAIR' TRAFFIC IN TITLES

Society Woman's Indifference to Honours' Inquiry

[At present a Royal Commission is sitting, to investigate the whole system of conferring title of honour. Both Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Asquith have given evidence before it. In spite of what the traffickers in titles regard as this camouflage Commission the sordid trade in titles, as the following article shows, is going merrily on.]

IT cannot be denied that there are ways in which it is commercially profitable to be in Parliament. The guinea-pig director flourishes at St. Stephen's. Men who achieve distinction in Parliament frequently leave it for affluent and influential positions in commercial life. Mr. Reginald McKenna and Sir Eric Geddes are cases in point.

There is in this nothing wrong.

But where there is money there is temptation, and we must not forget that there are politicians like the week-kneed moralist who said that he could resist everything—except temptation.

The Government itself sets a very bad example. It pays out huge sums in secret service funds—and no-one is accountable for the money. This is the kind of ground in which the poisonous plant of corruption flourishes.

Even more notorious is the glaring scandals of the Honours List. It is well-known in the political club that honours and titles can be bought and sold.

Take the typical name in the typical Honours List. Is it the name of someone distinguished in art, or science, or by public service? On the contrary. It is usually the name of some obscure nonentity. Like the fly in the amber the thing is neither rich nor rare; one wonders how the devil it got there.

We purpose to throw some light on the matter—without waiting for the finding of the Royal Commission, which, in any case, is restricted to the future distribution of titles, and carefully warned to "keep off the grass" so far as past scandals are concerned.

Everybody remembers the Duke of Northumberland's indictment of Mr. Harry Shaw's intrusion into the field of honours-distribution.

We propose to give another, and quite up-to-date example.

But first a word on the delay in the issue of the latest Honours List. First it was announced that it would be published at once—then that it had been delayed for a few days—then that it had again been postponed. Why? Was it that the Government could not decide whom it desired to honour?

No—the delay was caused by the fact that the National Liberal wire-pullers were busy trying to sell honours to buy support at the General Election.

Emissaries were sent-out to find "mugs." The "mugs" did not bite freely enough. And so the Honours List had to be postponed—not once, but twice.

Here is a case that we have verified, that of a gentleman who occupies a prominent position in the Royal Borough of Richmond.

Some days ago this gentleman, who has the good fortune to be well-to-do, was rung up by a lady who urgently asked him for an interview. She told him she had important business which could not be disclosed over the telephone.

He demurred at giving an interview to an unknown lady, on unknown business. Whereupon she gave him her name and address, and was given an appointment.

The name of the lady is Miss Forrester, and her address and the name of the organisation she represents is in our possession and will be dealt with in a subsequent article. For the moment we confine ourselves to this specific example of her activities.

A good-looking, richly-dressed, plausible woman of about forty, she came along in a handsome motor-car.

Without formalities or waste of time she bluntly asked him if he would like a title.

He was naturally surprised. It had not occurred to him that such an offer would be made and made in this fashion. "How much would it cost?" he cautiously inquired. "About £20,000," he was told.

He was staggered at the figure. He asked for credentials and was given what he regarded as satisfactory evidence that this emissary was authorised by ex-Downing Street personages to deal. It was made clear to him at the same time that he would be expected to help the National Liberals in the Election.

"But," he said, "won't you have to justify this granting of a title?"

"That will be all right," said the emissary. "Haven't you given largely to charities."

And she quoted cases, showing that she knew the record of the man she proposed to deal with.

To test the question of price he made a tentative offer of four figures for the title—it was refused.

This gentleman is willing to come forward and give evidence before the Royal Commission. Will it be accepted?

We do not think so. But enough has been said for the present to explain the persistence of the traffic in titles—the delay of the Honours List, and the nonentities that appear in it.

The King is the Fountain of Honour," said Disraeli. "It must not be made a parish pump." We commend this advice to the ex-Downing Street title-mongers.

A ROGUE'S MISSION

Strange Contract with a Congregational Church

IN a recent article on bogus charity appeals, we referred to the activities of a plausible impostor named George Breton, who for the last forty years has lived on the proceeds of collecting-boxes which he issues in connection with an organisation of his own called the Poor Children's Society, with headquarters at the Shaftesbury Hall, Trinity Street, Borough, London, S.E.

For some years past, the Angel Road Mission, at Edmonton, has been run in association with the Tottenham and Edmonton Congregational Church. It was not, however, self-supporting, and the Church members appear to have been anxious to be relieved of it, as it constituted a burden on their funds.

To such a showman as Breton this was an opportunity not to be missed. He ingratiated himself with the members of the Church by posing as a philanthropist, and gave a "Children's New Year's Tea" at the Mission, last January, under the auspices of his precious Society.

Then, professing himself greatly concerned over the impoverished state of the Mission's finances, a few months later he opened a bazaar, which was announced as "a special effort to clear the debt and maintain the funds of the Mission." "George H. Breton, [illegible] was billed in large type and described as "Founder and Director, Poor Children's Society," and gave a special donation of £5 drawn by cheque on the Society's funds, money which he had collected to feed necessitous children, not to defray mission expenses.

He was approached with a proposal that he should take over the Mission. A special church meeting was held, when it was arranged to hand over the whole organisation.

By an extraordinary agreement, Breton assumed charge of the Mission, undertaking to pay all working expenses, keep the premises clean and in repair, pay the caretaker, and pay the Church a rental of £10 a year for the building.

The rogue is thus enabled to add the role of evangelist to that of philanthropist, and carry on his plundering of the charitable public with the tacit approval of a prominent religious denomination.

For many years Breton has persistently refused to publish a balance-sheet or issue a statement which would make it possible to ascertain what proportion of the large sums he collects is devoted to the ostensible objects of his Society.

Can the elders and deacons of the Tottenham and Edmonton Congregational Church be aware that they have handed over their mission to one of the worst rogues among the bogus charity-mongers in England?

PENSIONS MINISTRY JUGGLERY

How the Disabled are being Robbed

WE rejoice with the army of disabled ex-Service men at the decision to maintain the Ministry of Pensions as a separate unit. It has still much good work to do. But the manner in which some of it is done is far from satisfactory.

In this respect we draw the attention of Major Tryon, the new Minister, to the jugglery that goes on in what is known as the Audit Department, and which is perpetrated by limpets who attempt to justify their existence by depriving the disabled soldier of money which rightly belongs to him.

For instance, when a disabled man is, for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of his disablement, examined by a Medical Board, his disability is assessed at a certain percentage.

This assessment, on which all the man's symptoms are entered in detail, is passed to what is known as the Awarders Section, who translate the percentage into terms of pounds, shillings and pence.

Then it goes to a department wofully misnamed "The Audit of Awards." Now in the event of the limpets in this section of the Ministry discovering that the Awards section has erred on the side of generosity the mistake is at once rectified. But should they find that the pension allowance has been underestimated, it is allowed to pass.

This, we contend, is a scandalous way of carrying out an audit which in every sense of the word should be fair and above-board.

The main business of the Audit Department, in short, is to show money saved; and every effort is directed towards this end, even if it involves a deliberate fraud upon the soldier. The interests of the poor pensioner are, wherever it is possible, callously disregarded.

One department fights against the other, the battle being waged between men who for the most part are non-Service. They haggle over shillings and pence in order to show a saving which is far less than the amount expended in salaries upon men who are more concerned in finding excuses for keeping particular sections of the Ministry in existence than they are in looking after the welfare of the ex-soldier.

They are not in the least ashamed to batten on the misfortunes of the heroes who fought that such as they might live.

The new Minister should make it his first duty to sift this scandal to its foundations.

If evidence is sought for in the right way it will be forthcoming.

Some of the auditors themselves are sick and indignant at the cold-blooded frauds which are regularly being perpetrated on the men who fought the good fight, and who are now being denied their rights.

PERILS OF THE RAILWAYS

Lives Endangered by Inexperience

IT will be within the recollection of our readers that on the 4th August last a serious accident occurred at Birmingham (New Street) Station. Happily unattended by fatal results, the consequences, nevertheless, were sufficiently disastrous to engage the attention of the Ministry of Transport, by whom Lieut.-Colonel A. Mount was instructed to conduct an inquiry.

This official's report, now issued, discloses facts calculated to arouse apprehension in the minds of passengers who have occasion to travel to Birmingham by the route controlled by the London and North Western Railway Company.

The story, briefly, is as follows:—A L. and N.W. express passenger train from Willesden, with a load of ten coaches, drawn by a powerful engine of the 1905 type, ran into a stationary train standing at the No. 1 up-platform, in which, providentially, there were no passengers. The express from Willesden had been in charge of a driver and fireman, but at Rugby a pilot, named W. Wright, boarded the engine and took charge of the train from there to Birmingham. It entered New Street Station at the usual speed, but failed to stop before crashing into the stationary train referred to.

Had the accident occurred in consequence of some mechanical failure, public confidence in the working of the L. and N.W. Railway system would not have been so shaken as it will of necessity be.

For Wright is not a qualified driver, but a fireman who had never before been in charge of a passenger train, let alone an express. In the words of Inspector Lieut.-Colonel Mount's report, "Questions of principle appear to arise as the result of this case in respect of the value of the signature of the route book, indicating the qualifications of firemen for all driving duties, particularly over difficult sections of the road. It is a matter for the Company's consideration whether some form of practical examination should not be introduced to ensure that a fireman is fully qualified to work a train safely over the route for which he has been certified."

The bald, but none the less alarming, fact is that Wright miscalculated the weight and speed of the train, and failed to pull it up.

For such a man to have been put in charge of several hundreds of lives suggests grave neglect on the part of the officials of the railway company; and until the public are given some definite assurance that inexperienced firemen will no longer perform the responsible duties of drivers of passenger trains, the journey to Birmingham by the L. and N.W. route will be undertaken only with reluctance and trepidation.

RUTHERFORD AND RELEASE

Murderer Scheming to Obtain Freedom

THE world has been stirred to sympathy by the tragic fate of Mrs. Rutherford, held in bondage to her homicidal husband by one of the anomalies of our antiquated divorce laws.

In the background of the picture there is the sinister figure of the murderer at Broadmoor, daily scheming and plotting to obtain his freedom.

Rutherford is not popular among his fellow convicts. He has an overweening conceit of himself, based largely on the fact that he was able, by his own unaided effort, to raise himself from the ranks to the position of Lieutenant-Colonel.

He is, however, one of the best behaved prisoners at present confined there. His military experience renders the discipline and monotony of his existence less irksome to him than to others, and as a result of his good conduct he is able to enjoy all the privileges which are available.

He is very fond of sport, and indulges in games whenever possible, though his unbearable superiority of manner on these occasions is one of the things that render him unpopular. He is also a very keen gardener, and spends a great deal of time working on his own allotment and on the farm outside.

Amid all his activities, his mind is constantly absorbed with the possibility of regaining his freedom.

Unlike Ronald True, who continually babbles about his prospects of release, Rutherford remains very reserved, and is reluctant to talk on the subject, evidently distrusting his associates.

Recently, however, he confided to a friend who visited him that he was much concerned regarding the result of his wife's petition for divorce. "If only my wife could get her freedom I could get mine!" he said.

The workings of this man's extraordinary mind are amazing. He wants to be free from his wife in order that he may openly declare his attachment to another woman who would undertake to look after him, and eventually, after he was released, marry him!

His wife is not likely to take any steps to get him away from Broadmoor so long as he remains her husband, but he has more than once stated that he has influential friends at work who will endeavour to procure his release before long, and on one occasion he mentioned the name of a man of title who would help him to liberty.

For the sake of his wife, and for the sake of the public at large, it is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will resolutely set himself against any attempt to set free a man who Lord Birkenhead described as "a dangerous, violent, and homicidal lunatic."

COSTLY DISPOSALS

Our Limpets in France

IT is nearly three years since the British public were given to understand that all our depots and dumps in France had been sold by the Disposals Board to various commercial firms.

It will come as a disagreeable surprise to many, therefore, to learn that we are still maintaining costly staffs on the Continent, presumably to supervise the clearance of the goods left there.

For example, at the Audruicq depot—where the surplus stores are understood to have been purchased by Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow & Co., Ltd., as agents for Leonard Aldridge and R. T. Hughes—there are still a Colonel and his Secretary, as well as two Lieut.-Colonels, a Major, four Captains and five Lieutenants, acting for Hughes, Bolckow & Co., in addition to about 125 British storemen, checkers, foremen, etc., earning from £3 10s. to £7 weekly, and between three and four hundred French labourers.

An additional expense to the country are the monthly visits of the Disposals Board auditors to these dumps and depots for the purpose of checking all books, etc.

If, as is suggested, the Disposals Board are, on account of the high rate of exchange, refusing reasonable offers from French merchants, this short-sighted policy must of necessity result in a serious loss to the tax-payer.

THE WAR OFFICE MUST PAY

The Lesson of the Army Bank Failure

THE public is looking to Lord Derby, the new Secretary for War, to do the right thing by the ex-soldier sufferers from the failure of the Army Banking house of McGrigor and Co.

Lord Derby is not the kind of man to ignore a debt of honour, and this is clearly a case of the kind.

Take the plea of an ex-officer who has written to us: "I got my commission in the field at Gallipoli. I was told my pay would be credited to me at McGrigor's. Is it fair for the War Office to say to me that I could have made inquiries and, if not satisfied, transferred my account elsewhere? Was I expected to make those inquiries of Brother Turk, the only person, outside the Army authorities, with whom I was permitted close—and constant—communication at the time?"

Many pensioners had their pensions paid in, many officers had their salaries paid in, when the Army authorities *knew* that this firm was in difficulties. Was anything done to save them?

When the firm found itself in the glue-pot, as the phrase goes, it consulted the War Office, and asked for help. The War Office requested figures. They were given. The Army Council considered them, declined to help, and said: "Close the doors."

While the discussion was going on, money was still being lodged by ex-army customers of the bank. It has been largely lost.

Clients had letters from the bank, with the words "War Office" on the note-paper. Naturally they assumed the War Office was behind the bank.

The whole system of paying army accounts through private-firms is a scandal. A bank that does not publish its balance-sheet is assumed to justify that unusual position by its association with the War Office.

Is it fair that the War Office should take the attitude that it is not bound by this implied guarantee?

Is the implied promise of the British Government merely "a scrap of paper"? To say this is not much of a compliment to Lord Derby.

All ex-soldiers who have lost their pay, or pension, must be reimbursed. These men look to the War Office, not to civilian agents, for their money. It is no answer for the War Office to say, "We paid somebody else; if that somebody else doesn't pay you—it is your affair."

That is unworthy of a great department, unworthy of a grateful country. It will not do.

The Army Council must not act like a defaulting bookmaker.

The Nation's Debt of Honour must be paid in full.

THE SMALLPOX SCARE

Strengthen the Law!

THE smallpox outbreak in the Midlands and in London has raised anew the vexed question of vaccination.

The truth is, of course, that the bulk of the objections recorded by parents who claim exemption for their children are not conscientious at all in the accepted sense of the word; they proceed from a variety of motives—from a natural desire to protect the child from pain and distress; from a belief that the risk of smallpox is negligible, and from lack of faith in vaccination.

So powerfully do these considerations operate with a large section of the public that hardly more than fifty per cent. of babies born in the United Kingdom are exposed to vaccination.

The present epidemic proves, however, that the risk of smallpox is by no means extinct.

If it should revisit this country on anything like a serious scale it may be necessary to strengthen the law regarding vaccination and so protect the child from parental whim.

Of one thing, however, the public will demand to be assured. It must be satisfied that ordinary cowpox inoculation under the ægis of the Ministry of Health is still approved by the best minds of the medical profession.

A simple enquiry should set this point at rest, and the Government will thus be emboldened to take the path of courage and wisdom.

THE HONOUR OF THE POLICE

Is Another Inquiry Due?

by ARNOLD BENNETT

"Is a policeman at the mercy of a Watch Committee or has he got some definite right?" asked the Dewsbury County Court Judge the other day, before awarding damages to the local Chief Constable for wrongful dismissal. That such hoity-toity officialdom extends to other parts of the country is obvious from the following.

A VERY short time ago the integrity of the London police was the question of the day. The election knocked it out. But last week the ancient city of Canterbury restored the police question to the front pages of enterprising dailies.

Canterbury had a Chief Constable who accepted certain trifling favours from a road-car company, and the Watch Committee of the City Council degraded him to the rank of sergeant in the Force. A large body of citizens took up the cudgels on behalf of the ex-Chief Constable.

The matter swelled in one night to the proportions of a foremost city issue and a national topic. Where I will leave it. I only mention it because it shows how keen is public interest in the police.

AS far as my observation goes, public interest in the integrity or venality of the London police is as keen as ever, though the newspapers at the moment have no space for the subject. But quite soon the newspapers will have to find space for it.

The mild article which I published here a fortnight since, has brought me correspondence hostile, and even violently hostile, to the police.

My correspondents include retired members of the Force. I always discount violence in controversy. It usually connotes either a personal grudge, or an imperfect sense of the value of evidence, or mere loutish manners.

Further, I do not believe that policemen as such are vicious, any more than I believe that postmen or Cabinet Ministers as such are vicious.

Nor do I believe that, as some say, there is a vast conspiracy of blackmail in the London Police Force.

But I am convinced that either police methods will have to change (which is improbable) or an inquiry will soon have to be held. No officialism can in the end withstand public opinion.

SIXTEEN years ago the London police were indicted by public opinion on the same charges as are current to-day. After much opposition a Royal Commission was appointed by special Act of Parliament. The Commission exonerated the police. But all it would say as to the charges connected with prostitutes was that there was no evidence of "*widespread or systematic*" bribery.

Royal Commissions are suspect to me. Too often they are expressly constituted to dope the public. And it has to be remembered that the London police are a State machine, not a municipal machine.

They can laugh at county and borough councillors. Provincial police are most subject to local opinion, and less effectively protected by officialism, as the enormous police scandals at Manchester and Carlisle proved. The London police are also probably more subject to temptation.

ON the other hand, expert foreign students of police systems, with absolutely no axe to grind, have given the London police an excellent name for honesty.

The point, however, is not whether the London police are mainly honest or mainly dishonest. The point is that unjustly or justly, they are losing the confidence of the public. This is certain.

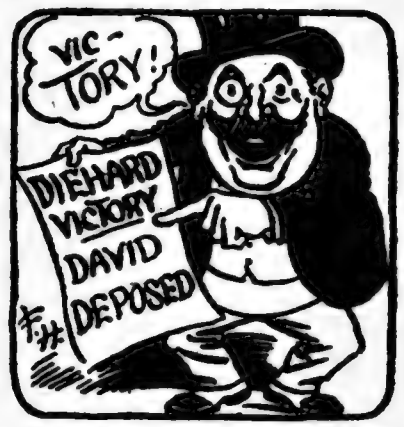
Nothing can restore public confidence but an exhaustive inquiry by trustworthy and capable public men.

An inquiry is bound to come. Let us hope that when it comes it will restore public confidence.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

"The Tory brains are second-rate,"
So F.E. lately said;
By which, no doubt, he meant to state
They'd lost their Birken-head.



The Diehards since they gained the day
Are simply overjoyed,
For Toryism now, they say,
Is pure and una-Lloyd.

Tranqu...ty we need it's true,
But still it's rather steep
To tell us for a year or two
We want to go to sleep.

A "New World" we were all to see
—Or so the seers foretold—
But now the slogan seems to be
"Let's get back to the old."

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IN political life, as in social life, the law is on the side of the strong. The surest sign of the Labour Party's gradual rise to power is the sudden conversion of several legal men to Socialism. Naturally, the Labour Party welcomes them with open arms, only too pleased to obtain their moral and forensic support and quite willing to overlook the fact that they don't swallow the entire creed.

The truth is that every barrister is simply a special pleader. His sole object in life is to make out a good case for his client, and in politics his client is himself.

It is "the correct thing" nowadays for a successful barrister to dabble in politics; he, therefore, chooses the Party that is most likely to give him a decent job, and renders the necessary lip-service to its beliefs.

Those who are horrified at the huge number of votes sometimes scored by Labour candidates would die of shock if they realised the true significance of Mr. Patrick Hasting's Socialistic confessions. His championship of Labour is a sign of the times.

He is not the first of his cloth to risk a temporary embarrassment for a possible Attorney-Generalship

Mr. Patrick Hastings

—and he certainly won't be the last. Watch him, if you like, as an interesting human type; but cease to wonder at him as an amazing human phenomenon.

HIS pronouncement on Labour ideals, like all the statements of public men, should be read carefully between the lines. He realises that his adhesion to the Party will cost him a certain loss of credit, if not of actual cash, so he smooths over the dangerous parts of the programme (*e.g.*, the capital levy) and emphasises the human parts.

I am not for a moment suggesting that he is dishonest. Far from it. As a barrister, his honour is vindicated in proportion as his plea is urged with conviction.

The only drawback to this kind of thing is one inseparable from Party politics. Nobody with a mind above a goat's can honestly agree with the complete policy of any Party.

BUT the question will be asked "Does Mr. Hastings really agree with any single item peculiar to the Labour programme?" That too, is beside the point.

We cannot reasonably expect a barrister to alter his nature during a taxi-drive from the Law Courts to the House of Commons. He will support the Labour Party in Parliament just as loyally as he will support you in the Old Bailey, if you brief him. And no one can blame him. Under present conditions anyone who has an axe to grind would be an idiot not to grind it.

PERSONALLY, I don't think Mr. Hastings is any more of a Labourite than Mr. Lloyd George is a Liberal. But, like the ex-Premier, he no doubt suffers from moments of idealism.

These are the moments that produce election manifestoes and platform metaphors. And when the excitement that produces them subsides under the influence of executive work or hard facts, he is just such a man as you or I when we discover our ideals to be at variance with our pockets.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Right Hon. J. R. CLYNES,
London.

SIR,—You told a Hucknall meeting that the more brains you can get in the Labour Party the better. Agreed. There is certainly plenty of room for them on top. But do you think working men are going to vote for some of the dilettante duffers, even those with titles, you are putting forward as candidates, men who don't know what manual work is, soft-handed, soft-headed high-brows? Don't you think the working men good enough to be represented by their own class? If they were so represented there would be none of this poisonous nonsense about "War on Industry" and "Confiscation of Capital" that is making Labour suspect. You and your colleagues have taught Labour the painful litany: "Save us from our friends." Labour leaders have certainly a wonderful capacity—for missing the tide. JOHN BULL.

To Ex-General LUDENDORFF,
Berlin.

SIR,—Badly beaten in battle, in bluster and brag, you are still invincible. You tell us tha "the British Empire will disappear from the earth." The ex-Kaiser once made the same boast, and only made himself a Potsdam silly. You are only making yourself a Potsdam sillier. You should know something of disappearing Empires—you certainly saw the Kaiser's down and out—but when you drop your crocodile tears over the British Empire you are weeping over the wrong grave. It will still be strong and flourishing when you and your War Lord ex-master are mere erasures in the Great Book of Time. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. OLIVER STRACHEY,
Ind. Candidate, Brentford and Chiswick.

DEAR MADAM,—I see you have certain rather curious ideas as to what is men's work and what properly belongs to women. Roughly, you appear to think that women should own the earth, and men got off it. This might make no particular difference to you, but you may take it from me that for most of your sex it would be distinctly uncomfortable. Moreover, the average man fancies he is some use in the world, and your remark that "the occupation of a daily charwoman would be an ideal one for a man." stamps you as a scatter-brained feminist of the worst type. Really you ought to go home and get somebody to take care of you. JONH BULL.

To Dr. LOUIS C. RIVETT,
Harley Street.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Hurrying to save the life of a woman patient suffering from internal hæmorrhage, you were fined for exceeding the speed limit in Hyde Park. You saved your patient: yourself you could not save. Never mind. I am sure you would rather lose your case than your patient. Still, it was hard luck to be classed with the road-hogs and the drunkards in the matter. JOHN BULL.

To EX-KING TINO,
Switzerland.

YOUR EX-MAJESTY,—You are to be invited to stand your trial. I hope, though not for your sake, the Greek politicians will insist on this matter, unlike our hang-the-Kaiser electioneers. JOHN BULL.

HEAVILY HANDICAPPED

JOHN BULL (to Bonar Law): "You must get rid of some of those weights, my lad, if you want to get first past the post!"

To ULICK F. WINTOUR, Esq.,
British Empire Exhibition.

SIR,—Do you think it good enough to pursue an ostrich policy in face of the severe criticisms of mismanagement passed on the British Empire Exhibition? These criticisms come not only from me, but from Overseas Governments. Empire timber and foodstuffs are being ousted for alien products. Expert committees are being over-ruled by non-expert bureaucracy. It will not do. The British Empire Exhibition is an Imperial concern: it cannot be run on lines of hugger-mugger. We do not intend to allow this matter to drop, or this great project to be ruined by bungling, secrecy, and ineptitude.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BOB WILLIAMS,
Labour Candidate, Coventry.

SIR,—They tell me you hold the Soviet Military Medal for your services on the "Class-War Front." You also called upon God to speed the day when the notice "To Let" shall be put up outside Buckingham Palace. But the people of the country will not exile the King to make Soviet Bob their lord and master. As a matter of fact, Coventry rejected all its Labour Candidates last week. Why don't you emigrate to Russia, which seems to be your spiritual home? God speed the day when you go to join your kind in the land of Lenin and Trotsky.
JOHN BULL.

To NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, Esq.,
Postmaster-General.

SIR,—You are a business man. You know what the business men of this country want, what Mr. Kellaway promised but was unable to perform. Give us back our penny post. Cheapen our telephones, and improve their efficiency. Get rid of the surplus staff. Make the Post Office what it used to be—and, better still, what it ought to be. Show the country what a business man can do in administration. You have a great opportunity. Get to it.
JOHN BULL.

To Councillor F. G. LOCK,
Bethnal Green.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I have, with sympathetic interest, been watching the hard work you are putting in on behalf of the old pensioners of the Bethnal Green Philanthropic Society, which under your Chairmanship celebrated its hundredth birthday the other day. The whole support of the people is with you and your helpers, but though you've a great heart, be careful you don't overstrain it. Life is sweet—even in Bethnal Green! Humanity is a wonderful hobby, isn't it? JOHN BULL.

To Sir HOWARD FRANK,
St. James's Square, W.

DEAR SIR HOWARD,—When are you going to clear out the limpets in the Disposal Board? You must know they are hanging on, postponing sales to keep their jobs. You must know it would be better to give the stores away, and save the cost of this die-hard department. Be frank. Tell the Government what you think of this Disposals Board humbug, and advise them to stop throwing good money after bad.
JOHN BULL.

To C. B. FRY, Esq.,
Liberal Candidate, Brighton.

DEAR "C. B.",—We are sure that if you get into Parliament, you will play a straight bat, in a straight game, and hit to the boundary when the humbugs and hypocrites are bowling. Good luck. JOHN BULL.

Six Men We Want

by THE EDITOR

THE General Election is almost upon us. Are we ready? Do we know our minds? We are an independent Journal, and are not blind to the essential faults of the Party System. It is so much a case of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and between the Tadpoles and the Tapers, taking programmes and policies at their face value, there is hardly a pin to choose. Except, of course, for the Labour Party, who for the sake of novelty have imported a policy from Russia which is about as much suited to our British taste as oysters to a chimpanzee.

LORD LEVERHULME.

But, for the rest, all Parties—the Conservatives under Mr. Bonar Law, the Lloyd George-ites, the Wee Frees—are ready to put their hands on their hearts and swear that to the best of their ability they will obey our wishes.

If returned to power, they will practise the severest economy, avoid all foreign entanglements, and labour unceasingly for peace and prosperity. So says Mr. Bonar Law, so says Mr. Lloyd George, so says Mr. Asquith.

A powerful section of the Press suggests from day to day that it matters little or nothing for whom we vote as long as we do not vote for the Labour Party.

If Lord Northcliffe had lived, we should have had no such half-hearted counsels from Carmelite House. For the question the electors have to decide is still a vastly important one. It is just this: *Which set of men can we trust?*

FOR good or ill, we have made up our mind. It is all very well for the donnish Lord Birkenhead to talk loftily about "brains," but there is a more important thing even than brains at the moment, and that is character—assuming, of course, that the new Ministry is not a pack of fools—which most emphatically it is not. Its average level of ability is probably as high as that of the last Administration, and compares favourably with that of most of its predecessors.

It may be remarked in passing that clever platform tricks of the Limehouse brand are no more a test of intellect than are the mirth-provoking gags of a George Robey. It is not of this motley stuff that statesmanship is made. It is no discredit to Mr. Bonar Law that at the polite art of political back-chat he is no match for his principal antagonist.

Our estimate of Mr. Bonar Law can be condensed into a phrase. We believe him to be an honest man. That he is also a man of large business capability, of wide commercial experience, and of sound, practical judgment goes without saying. But, above all, he is honest; as Mr. Lloyd George himself has testified: "honest to the point of simplicity."

Perhaps because Mr. Bonar Law is not quite as clever as some other people, he has never promised us ninepence for fourpence and then fobbed us off with threepence ha'penny. That is not his way. No "terminological inexactitudes" have marred his political record. No broken promises litter the path of his career.

THE chief things noticeable about the new Prime Minister are an orderly business mind, a prudent restraint of speech, and an iron fidelity to his pledged word. It is easily conceivable that when his epitaph comes to be written, it will be said of him that he was "honest to the point of simplicity," and that by virtue of this sterling quality he saved the Empire.

The principal members of the new Ministry—the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, Mr. Stanley Baldwin—have this much in common with their leader, that as single-minded English gentlemen their word is their bond. Not one of them could "Limehouse" successfully to save his life, and not one would make a promise he did not mean to keep.

The bluff, outspoken Lord Derby is very typical of the mind and heart of the new Ministry. If a policy satisfying the main requirements of the national situation, a programme of peace and prosperity, is endorsed simultaneously, as to all intents and purposes it is, by Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Derby; by Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead; by Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon; we have no hesitation whatever in saying that it is Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues who upon the strength of their public records can best be trusted to carry it out.

They will need advice. The business of restoring British trade and industry to something like its pre-war prosperity is a highly technical one, and calls for vast expert knowledge.

If the Prime Minister is wise, he will as soon as possible after the General Election get together a group of first-class business men, including such captains of industry as Lord Leverhulme, Lord Inverforth, and Lord Pirrie; leaders of commerce like Sir Joseph Broodbank, of the Port of London Authority; Mr. Arthur Balfour, of Sheffield; and Lord Cowdray; and invite them to draw up a recommendation of policy for the next five years, covering the whole field of British commercial enterprise.

In this way the nation will know what steps are deemed essential to our economic recovery by men whose genius in the realm of trade and finance entitles them to speak with the highest authority.

Such questions as these will arise: Over what period of time should the repayment of our war debts be spread? What is the limit of taxation which British industry can bear? What steps should be taken to develop the commercial resources of the Empire? What is the least wasteful way of providing for unemployment?

These questions may well decide the destiny of the Empire during the lifetime of the next Government. All else pales into insignificance by the side of the paramount necessity of restoring British trade.

No foolish mistrust of the "capitalist" should be allowed to hinder this plan. What the wage-earning classes must understand, and what the Labour Party has yet to learn, is that any policy which adds to the profits of industry must in the long run benefit the workers, the doctrine of a natural antagonism between Capital and Labour being actually the reverse of the truth.

PROBABLY we shall be among the new Government's most vigilant critics. It by no means follows that because we desire the return of Mr. Bonar Law to power at the head of a Conservative majority we have forsaken our attitude of independence or abandoned the right to criticise.

It is the very absence of Party ties which enables us to take a detached and impartial view, and upon a survey of all the factors in the situation we see no reasonable or practicable alternative to the Government of Mr. Bonar Law. The watchword of "Caution" denotes the very policy we need.

Since December, 1918, dashing bravado has more than once brought us within an ace of ruin. Give Bonar Law his chance. The Asquithian Liberals have been tried in the balance and found wanting; their stiff pedantry was a sinister factor in the chain of events which led up to the war.

In the past four years Mr. Lloyd George has had a unique opportunity, and while his war services will never be forgotten, his most slavish admirer can hardly claim that as a peace Minister he has made good. This time we must have men we can trust.

SORROWS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

by
the Rev. G. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C., M.A. ("Woodbine Willie.")

UNEMPLOYMENT — without exception the one great scandal of the day—is to my mind totally unnecessary. As I have advised the out-of-work time and again, what they ought to do is to use every possible method short of riot to force the powers in being to secure them work or maintenance.

To begin with, I do wish to Heaven Christians would cease telling themselves lies. Most of this eternal chatter about the work-shy is falsehood.

One of the things which cause me unspeakable dismay is the number of our ex-soldiers who are drifting into the doss-houses of the East End.

The power of the doss-house to destroy is remorseless; very little experience of such a place is necessary to contaminate and degrade natures previously sound as could be. Doss-house conditions foster a craving for drink; once a man is "doped" his condition becomes only more aggravated—he even ceases to yearn for better things. After that, he rubs along as best he can, sometimes a prey to depression, sometimes to despair, a pitiable and appalling condition truly for men who in France and Flanders achieved such wonders!

Say what people will, the unemployed loathe doles—while certainly not the least obnoxious phase of unemployment is the appalling attachment of the out-of-work to gambling. During the war almost everybody became a gambler—what was the war itself but a colossal gamble in blood and tears?

Of the misery which unemployment creates in the home it is unnecessary for me to speak; it frequently hits women even worse than men. The nobler men during periods of unemployment never go near home all day—determined that the little food there is will go to the children.

It is not to be supposed that the causes of shortage of work are not carefully considered by the working masses. Realising that it is no fault of their own that labour is hard to secure, people are beginning to wonder whether, after all, it is even the employer who is responsible.

They are beginning to realise that Governments themselves are not necessarily primarily responsible for this evil; that Governments themselves are governed by people exercising vast financial interests. The man in the street is beginning to demand the names of these individuals; how far they have power to restrict credit and so cripple industry—while another thing the working man is anxious to know is to whom the controllers of these great financial concerns are responsible for their conduct.

Too weighty these considerations to be lightly vetoed; not until this great question is fully and adequately answered will the out-of-work cease to advertise in every possible manner the sorrows of his lot, his hardships, his privations.

A WORD TO

3.—THE MENACE

by "A GENTLEMAN

(*Author of "The Mirror*

THE following brilliant article fr a Duster" comes, most opp General Election. Regarding the politics, the writer skilfully diag prescribes certain homely remed will not be lost

ANYONE who brings a charge against Labour should make sure of his facts, and even when he is sure of his facts he should bring his accusation without railing, and with a large and generous charity.

For Labour has been most cruelly, most criminally, duped. It has been used as a greenhorn by men who have acted as welshers. It is in the position of a "pigeon" waiting, with sinking heart and an anxious eye on the clock, for the return of the plausible stranger who has gone off with its money as a test of its confidence.

No wonder there is bitterness in its heart and a growing sullenness in its mind.

Let us remind ourselves that Labour has been fooled by the statesman, the trade union official, and the red revolutionist. Everyone who has cadged for its money or its votes has fooled it. The statesman's promise that Germany should pay for the War and that England should become a land fit for heroes has not been kept. The policy of the trade union official, that is to say the policy of perpetual nagging at Capital, has not maintained the level of wages above the cost of living. The furious gesture of the revolutionist, and his continual threat of fire and slaughter, has neither brought Capital to its knees nor cured the blighting curse of unemployment.

LABOUR approaches the fifth winter since the Armistice with empty pockets and a fireless grate. The crash, it is true, has not yet come, the dole still keeps the wolf from the door, there is still a hope that things may presently take a turn for the better; but, let us make no mistake about it, the British workman is treading a path

. . . . . so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling.

He who can contemplate the present miseries of British Labour without deep sympathy and a desire to relieve them writes himself out of the book of humanity. I am assured by one of our largest employers of labour that he is "prouder than ever of our working-classes": he adds "they have been demobilised without being demoralised." Another employer tells me that "the patience of the unemployed workmen in the North of England is extraordinary."

I MYSELF have seen enough of industrial centres in recent times to reverence the best members of our working-classes as people worthy to set an example in fortitude and good sense to the whole nation.

But it seems to be generally agreed that the great mass of the workers has been swayed to the present disastrous condition of things by men whom a schoolboy might confute. Labour has been fooled because it has listened to the fool. It has had no mind of its own. Its own best men have been silent. It has made itself nothing but ears for the inflammatory wordiness of those whose earnings are least secure in times of prosperity and most secure when they are waging quite useless wars with Capital over the prostrate body of "Striking" Labour.

The Rt. Hon

These wild-men of revolution are sadly discredited just now; our slightly ridiculous English editions of Lenin and Trotsky are not less anxious about their wages than the working-men whom they have so abominably duped.

But not even now is Labour told the full truth of its economic position, and not even now have the official leaders of Labour summoned sufficient honesty and sufficient courage to confess their absolute defeat—not at the hands of Capital—but in the grinding mills of economic law.

They still claim that doles should be paid to the workless. The proposal is humane; it commends itself to our good feelings; but it misleads the simple; it propagates delusion.

Suppose we lose half our trade and our population increases to 100,000,000. Will the claim still stand?

Look at it in its simplest form. Can a workman who earns 50s. a week support six full-grown sons in idleness? Let those sons protest that it is his duty to do so, let them quote Scripture and ethics in their favour; still the economic question remains, *Can he do it?*

The kind fool is not less dangerous than the fool who scorns benevolence.

THESE leaders of Labour are still fond of describing their dupes as "wage-slaves." It is their policy to divert from themselves the wrath of Labour, and to keep the sullen gaze of the unemployed fixed only upon Capital.

Labour is taught to think of itself as a slave bound to the crushing wheels of unconscionable Capital; it is encouraged to take a humiliating view of itself; it is trained to attribute to Capital all the miseries and uncertainties of a policy admirably devised to secure the zero of advantage at the maximum of suffering and despair.

Evidently M. Coué has disciples among the leaders of Labour. Freedom is to come from repeating the phrase "Day by day, in every respect, I become more and more

THE WORLD

OF THE FOOL!

WITH A DUSTER"

Downing Street," etc.)

the pen of "A Gentleman with on the threshold of the our Party as the "sick man" of es the patient's condition and The warning is plain, and n the Electors.

vish." Prosperity is to descend from heaven at the diurnal litany "Day by day, in every respect, I get poorer and poorer."

It is unfortunate, I think, that the opposition to this teaching of wage-slavery has taken the form of denying its truth. In a measure, of course, no man in England is a slave; the meanest workman, until we have a Soviet Government, can throw up one employer for another, and if he will, can emigrate to a far country. But it is best for us to recognise that every man whose enterprise and intellectual quality do not distinguish him from the ruck must of necessity be a "wage-slave"—that is to say must look for his material security to men of creative genius.

Hon. R. Clynes.

Labour has brought itself to this sad pass by conceiving in its heart first a suspicion and then a hatred for the master-mind. Instead of feeling gratitude towards our most useful citizens and exerting a loyal co-operation with their heroic efforts to widen and extend the empire of British industry, Labour has dubbed them "exploiters," "profiteers," even "bloodsuckers," and has done everything in its power to make them throw up the sponge.

THE policy of Labour has been screwed down to suit the shirker and the inefficient, and screwed up to damage the energetic and the creative.

It is as if the authorities of Football declared that no man should play in a League Match who had not lost a leg in the war, or as if the authorities of Cricket made it a rule that no man who wished to make a hundred runs should play for his county.

A policy directed against excellence and dictated in the interest of the second-rate, must be fatal to enterprise and prosperity. It has never been adopted in any undertaking of mankind except that of industry. It is unknown in all the branches of scientific investigation. It is foreign to literature and art. It is inconceivable in education. Of religion, which hungers and thirsts after perfection, it is the antithesis. How it works in trade and commerce, even when it has all the resources of a mighty state at its disposal, may be seen in the grievous condition of Russia.

Labour has never yet approached Capital except as one enemy approaches another. In its best mood it is a beaten foe blustering for good terms: in its worst, a gunman defying the elementary principles both of ethics and economics. A dame's school could not be conducted on these lines.

IT would be wise of Labour to try a different method. Capital might be approached, if not as a friend, at least not as an enemy, if not as a philanthropist, at least not as a scoundrel. It might be asked to consider proposals for the improvement of British trade, instead of being ordered to accept demands obviously formulated with the idea of making business impossible. It might be consulted, instead of bullied: assisted instead of penalised: it might be given the credit of possessing the elements of humaneness instead of regarded as a monster of iniquity.

That a proposal of this nature would be derisively laughed out of hearing at a Trades Union Congress only proves how fatally Labour has committed its fortunes to the fool. Is not Labour for ever protesting that it will have no more War? Why, then, cannot it conceive of any relations with its partner Capital except in terms of War?

A WISER mind in Labour might induce a friendlier mood in Capital. At any rate the experiment could be tried. Instances exist in this country of amicable relations between masters and men. The thing is not impossible. It works here and there. And it works in different kinds of industries.

The present method is clearly the notion of a parasitical intelligence. It is the policy of the louse. It is unworthy of the British working-classes. They have allowed themselves to be led by men who can conceive of Capital only as prey, and whose sense of secondrateness stings them into using the huge weapon of the masses to wreak their spite on talent and power. It is the flea using the elephant as its battering ram.

BRITISH Labour is worthy of a far higher kind of leadership. It is only because it has submitted so tamely to a leadership which is clearly unpatriotic and contemptible that it has lost the affectionate sympathy of public opinion. Let it show another spirit and the nation would be wholly on its side in conflict between its conciliatory leaders and any reactionary managers of Capital.

This is the peril of the British nation: at a time when the automatic power machine has put cheap and docile Asiatic Labour on ane quality with British Labour, the two partners in British prosperity are fighting together like the hill tribes of India. An entirely different spirit is essential if we are to hold our own against the searching tests of moral evolution.

THE WOMAN'S BIRTHRIGHT

by

Mrs. H. A. L. FISHER.

THE position of the married woman, even if she is still supposed by the law to be a weak creature liable to "coercion" by her husband, is gradually becoming more reasonable, more in accordance with the facts of daily life. But there is still something to be done before law and reason are entirely reconciled. The married woman's property is her own. Her children—the children she bears and rears—are not. In the eyes of the law the father is their sole guardian; their mother cannot decide, or, except by the father's good will, help to decide, any question as to their education, their religion, even their place of residence. In actual fact every child has two parents, in law it has but one. If it is born in wedlock, it belongs to its father; he is its sole legal guardian. If it is born of unmarried parents, on the other hand, it belongs alone to its mother. She, and she alone, is its legal parent.

Surely this is a most absurd anomaly, and it seems extraordinary that the law which deals with a married woman's property should have been reformed so long before that which deals with what matters far more to her than any property—her children. Presumably the explanation is that laws have been made by men, to whom property usually seems of supreme importance. Only now are women coming to have a hand in the business.

Moreover, most parents manage to bring up their children without much dispute. Indeed, very few married women realise that they have no rights over their children and that if their wishes, their views, are in fact regarded, it is only by permission of their husbands. Mercifully, most couples are able to agree. But there are hard cases, and plenty of them, and even the happiest of married women, she who is surest of her husband's consideration and good will, feels that the law should be made to fit the facts—that as every child owes its existence to both its parents, and not to one alone, so should both those parents, and not one only, be jointly responsible for its support and its upbringing.

As the law stands to-day, the lawfully married woman has no legal right to her child. If its father chooses, whatever the mother's views, he can decide as he wishes upon any religion, any education, for the child. If she does not choose to live where he directs, he has the right to take it away from her. He can appoint a guardian for the child after his death; its mother has no such right.

Women are now voters; two women were Members of Parliament. It will surely be one of the first duties of women citizens to see that a law so illogical, so unnatural, so impossible, shall no longer remain unchanged.

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN the Impertinent Interviewer called by appointment to see the ex-Kaiser on the eve of his marriage he was informed that the All Highest was busy trying on his wedding dress.

"*His Majesty*," said the *aide-de-camp*, defiantly emphasising the title, "is to be maried in the gala uniform of the Prussian Guards."

"Wouldn't his service uniform do as well?" inquired Bertie. "It's probably just as fresh and undamaged by 'war' and tear."

The *aide* was about to make an angry reply when the shouts of flunkeys caused him to come stiffly to the salute.

Through the open doors, the Interviewer saw Wilhelm advancing in a gorgeous military uniform, while with the hand that had once worn the Iron Glove he caressed his greying beard.

"Beaver and point to me—I saw him first!" murmured Bertie.

"Swinehund!" hissed the *aide* between closed teeth.

"Greetings, Herr Bull," remarked Wilhelm affably. "And how is my just-published book of memoirs being received in England?"

"It is being rushed by lovers of fiction," Bertie told him.

For a moment Wilhelm looked as if he were about to summon the Lord High Executioner, but, recollecting himself, he had to be content with a deprecatory gesture.

"Ah, you English will never give me credit for sincerity," he remarked sadly, "and you refuse to believe the facts about the war even when I set them forth with my own hand? But let us not talk of the past; it is dead; while we—*we* are alive!"

"Yes, *we* are," agreed Bertie, "though with some of us—myself and your *aide-de-camp*, f'rinstance—it's just good luck; we might both as easily be dead, thanks to you and your War Lords. With you, though, it was more a matter of good management. 'Safety first' was your motto, eh, Wilhelm?"

"I would prefer not to discuss unpleasant topics upon the eve of my marriage," said the ex-Kaiser stiffly. "If I have made mistakes I have suffered for them."

"I don't know about that," remarked the Interviewer. "You've had a tranquil time here, chopping down trees with your little hatchet—only habit you share with George Washington — cultivating your beaver and drawing a fabulous sum for writing your Memoirs.

"And now you're going to marry a wealthy lady and can afford to give her jewels valued at eight hundred million marks. As a Berlin paper points out, this sum would save from starvation during the winter thousands of poor people who were once your subjects.

"I don't know if you've really suffered, but I know I would rather be the house-painter, Johannes Hesseling, who is to be married by the Burgomaster on the same day as you, than I would be Wilhelm Hohenzollern. Johannes, at least, need not be haunted by the ghosts of dead men, and his children will not have a murderer for their father."

"Enough!" cried the ex-Kaiser dramatically. "I would not have received you had I not thought that you came as an emissary of the English Press to congratulate me upon my marriage."

"Not much!" scoffed Bertie. "I came to point out that November 5, your wedding day, is known in England as Guy Fawkes' Day, and to inform you that we will have pleasure in burning two guys with one bonfire. It's the nearest approach to frightfulness we English can permit ourselves."

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY NEWS":—"Mason was taken . . . to Newport police station in one of the farmer's HATS."

"WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR":—"LIFE WAS QUITE EXTINCT when the child was liberated, but DEATH TOOK PLACE SOON AFTERWARDS."

"WEST LONDON PRESS" (Sir Samuel Hoare's adoption address):—"If the country was to regain its prosperity there must be a common effort by all ASSES, all men and women."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"His eye caught sight of a lemon-coloured glove . . . He picked it up and . . . hurriedly THRUST IT BACK INTO HIS POCKET . . . He stood there STARING AT IT."

"MIDHURST TIMES":—"Advertisers . . . are requested to note that PREPAID advertisements cannot be inserted UNLESS PAYMENT ACCOMPANIES THE ORDER."

"STAR":—"A cosy white fur cap and necklet, suitable for UNDER WEAR."

"HEREFORD TIMES":—"There were two children, one an illegitimate child, and THE OTHER WAS BORN BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES."

"DAILY HERALD" (recipe):—"Bring the BOTTLES to the BOIL, EMPTY, IN COLD WATER."

"NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL":—"He could not HEAR the man he tracked, so DARK was it."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST" (advertisement):—"LIVELY Chesterfield Suite, in moquette, £12."

"IN MEMORY OF A DEAR ONE"

Helping the Living is Honouring the Dead

WE received a touching letter from a woman reader this week.

It was written on the seventh anniversary of the day when her loved one laid down his life on the battlefield at Gallipoli. Each succeeding year, as the day of proud and poignant memory has come round, she has made a pilgrimage to the Cenotaph, and laid there a little bunch of flowers in honour of her glorious dead.

She was about to do the same this year, when she wondered whether he would not rather her devotion to his memory were expressed in some other way. She thought of the thousands of distressed survivors of the Great War who are finding life difficult and struggling on in pain and poverty, and it came to her that he would sorrow over their suffering just as keenly as she mourns for him.

So she sent us the amount she would have spent on flowers, "In memory of a dear one killed seven years ago," to relieve some of the suffering with which the world is burdened.

We sympathise with the sweet sentiment which prompts so many thousands of mourners to keep their loved ones' memory fragrant with flowers, but has not this woman reader whose heart has been touched by sorrow found the secret of the noblest memorial of all?

Lay your flowers at the shrine if you will, but send us something in memory of your dear ones, and add to the sweet scent of the flowers the incense of charity.

Picture to yourself, if you can, a family of eight living in one little room, measuring 13 feet by 11 feet. The rent is 11s. 6d. a week. The father is an old soldier who fought in the South African War and in the Great War. But he is not entitled to any pension. He can find only an odd day's work here and there on which to support his family. Three of the children have no boots to wear, and there are twin babies five months old which have to be fed from the bottle.

This is only one case of many we have helped during the last week. Help us to help more. Remember the "Greatest of These—" Fund is administered without a single penny being deducted for expenses.

WRITE TO 93, LONG ACRE

TO THE EDITOR, telling him of local grievances or scandals needing ventilation.

TO THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT if you want a job.

TO THE LEGAL OR CITY EDITOR (enclosing stamped envelope) if you require legal or financial advice.

TO THE "GREATEST OF THESE"—if you are "down and out."

TO "TOMMY AND JACK" in regard to Pensions and Service subjects.

TO "HUMANIST," when you crave a word of sympathy and friendly advice.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Mr. George Morris, the winner of the £1,500 prize in our "Bu'lets" Competition No. 452, has kindly sent us £25.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

A Soul In Anguish

I WAS born of humble parents, who slaved their lives out to give me, their only child, an education. When I was twelve years of age, my father died through lack of the bare necessities of life. My mother, poor soul, was too proud to turn to friends for pecuniary means to right matters and was forced to take me away from school and send me to work. I worked in a grocer's shop, but had always the ambition to become a solicitor. My chance came in the form of an advertisement in the paper for an office boy to a big legal firm. I applied, was accepted, and was soon installed in my new duties.

For years I worked and was able to save money and taste the sweets of life. Then into my life came a woman—a pure, good-hearted woman—yes, sir, the old, old story—love. I married her—life was a heaven to me. Our child was born, and I tasted the real happiness of fatherhood. For three years we three lived in a paradise without sin, but again misfortune dogged our happy footsteps. I was accused of embezzlement at the office. I fought my case for a couple of years, but failed and was condemned to five years' penal servitude. Every morning I saw through my barred window my poor bambled wife and child sitting on a bank opposite the prison after a restless night of misery. For a year this went on, and I can see them even yet sitting in a cold winter's morning with her tattered shawl and our wee child looking into her wan face and seeing the tears come trickling down her pale, emaciated features. Oh, my God, how I cried, cried, sobbing myself to sleep in my anguish. One morning she did not come. Another morning she came alone. I knew then our child was dead. At the termination of my time I came out a changed man, broken in health. My wife, faithful creature, was waiting at the gates with the same faith as she had displayed five years ago. I need not write of our joy. Soon my little money which I received from the Government on coming out of prison was finished. I had walked the streets in vain for work, and my wife's vitality was growing low. One evening she was so weak that she fainted in my arms, and when I took her to the window to revive her, she opened her eyes and said "Let me down, George." I did so. "George," she went on to say, "it is almost all over now. Promise, George, if you ever grow rich, you will bury me and my poor boy in a nice, quiet graveyard away from the hum of machinery, where we can rest in peace."

I have complied with my wife's dying wishes. But here, I am the most unfortunate being in the world, an invalid ready to die when called by my Maker.

"Humanist" says: *I publish this letter as it is received except that I have reduced its length. I shall be pleased to receive from the writer independent testimony as to its truth. As it stands it bears a strong family likeness to a story which one of Charles Dickens' characters tells.*

The Starved Women

I AM 25. Four years ago I married a man who was 30 years my senior, a man who had lived and who needed, now, nothing but a quiet, humdrum life. He is a comfortable man and a kind man, but life has been one long agony of the unsatisfied cravings of love. He has nothing to give me but philosophy and clever sayings. He tells me that the 'fires of love' have been consumed in him and there is 'nothing but ashes.'

"I know, in the eyes of the law, I have no remedy, because the marriage has been consummated in a sense. I like him; in some ways I love him; but God did not make me a nun, and even a nun is spared contact with man. What is there for me but flagrant infidelity? I find my thoughts wandering as in a pure woman they should not wander. I try to keep myself interested in the mundane things which make up my life, and it is no use. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *The conventional advice I will not offer you. But there is a spiritual side, cold comfort as it may seem, even to the loveless marriage—and the gratification of natural and proper appetites is not the be-all and the end-all of union. I feel just as much a hypocrite in offering you this comment as I do when some blind woman in the depth of her despair asks me for a little comfort to her spirit. It is so easy to be smug and offer glib advice. But there are only two courses, and fidelity will, I am sure, be the happiest for you.*

Bigamy is not Bigamy!

"MY father and mother lived happily until 1912, when my father, saying he could make no money in England, would go to Canada, but my mother, being afraid of water, dare not attempt to go with him. However, he went, leaving my mother at home, but always kept her until some time in 1913, when he ceased writing, and nothing more was heard of him until 1918, when he came over here with the Canadian Army Service Corps.

"Then he came home for several week-end leaves, saying he was tired of roaming about the world, but he had not been as true as he might have been, and that he had got a woman into trouble, and was the father of her child in Canada. My mother told him to keep the woman he had ruined and send what he could home, but not leave the other woman in the 'lurch.'

"At this he was a little taken back, and returned to his regiment without coming to any arrangement as to what was to happen. The next we heard of him, he was back in Canada, and was doing well. I wrote to the Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths at Ariola, Canada, where he was last at, and asked him if he had an account of a marriage with my father at any time (giving full particulars), and he wrote back saying — — was married at this church to — —, native of —, England, in 1914, or words to that effect.

"I at once made inquiry to have him arrested for bigamy, but I was informed that I could not touch him while he was that side of the water. We never heard any more from him until yesterday, when we had a letter saying he had now got a family of four boys, and was well, except for colds!

"The Solicitor tells us we cannot touch him until some law is passed, as he is not under our law, and the matter still stands there, and I have had to keep my mother since 1914.

"Could you tell me if there is any way I could get at him, or even get to him? I am his only son and am aged 25."

"Humanist" says: *Bigamy is not an extraditable offence. You don't want revenge so much as money to keep your mother. I advise your mother to apply for a Maintenance Order, which under the new Act is enforceable in all our colonies.*

ONE GUINEA will be awarded each week to the sender of what in the opinion of "Humanist" is the best Human Document appearing on this page. This week's winner is "THE STARVED WOMEN."

The BIG NOISE of the Toffee World

SIR KREEMY KNUT—ever ready with some fresh delight for youngsters—is now selling his toffee in drums—brightly coloured drums that will give almost as much joy as their contents.

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One Liverpool Cup Horse

I'M not so sure that the Liverpool Cup isn't an even more intriguing race than either of the Newmarket back-enders. To help the punter's misery at stretch, it should be won by something at 50-1. Taylor has five. He has also coughing in his stable. I should imagine that Soubriquet will give way to Captain Fracasse—a handier performer, and probably the best three-year-old in England, whilst Selene is more likely to carry Lord Derby's first colours than is The Downs, who may be started to ensure a pace.

Leave De Mestre Out.

No intelligent man is going to worry his head about the De Mestre horses. In many ways I am glad that nothing of Solly Joel's won the Cambridgeshire—for some reason such a victory would have been most unpopular. It is a pity and hardly fair to Mr. Sol. Joel, who deserves to be thoroughly popular, and I for one would hate to see a race-course demonstration against the pink and green stripes. But there it is.

What About Eaglehawk?

Eaglehawk is going for this race. In July, strictly on the book, he was a 2 lb. better horse than Stratford, who, making ordinary improvement, would now be 6 lb. better. That is the handicapper's estimate. My own impression was that Eaglehawk won with 10 lb. in hand—probably the handicapper did not see the race.

Simon Pure or Selene?

For all the handicapper's misjudged leniency (there are other horses in the race besides Stratford) I shall not back Eaglehawk. If he wins, it will be because he has come on a stone since the Cambridgeshire. The horses of Cunliffe Owen, the Gold Flake King, do make remarkable improvement, and Eaglehawk may be one such. I do not think he will beat either Simon Pure or Selene—the former in spite of his penalty must have a very big chance. If he were re-handicapped, the handicapper would have to put him on the 8.10 mark with Blue Lady, whom he defeated by three lengths and a head at Newmarket, in receipt of 10 lb. He must have a big chance with 8.7. If he hadn't run for the Durham Stakes, what a stone certainty he would have been!

The Value of the Free Handicap.

Another with whom a liberty was taken was Bucks Hussar. With 7.8 and in a galloping mood, he might be dangerous but for the conviction I have that Royal Lancer wouldn't have beaten a donkey on the day of his defeat. Anyway, in my judgment he is held safe by Captain Fracasse. Poisoned Arrow is one that will take a lot of stopping if this is his selected race. It is his exact distance—he wants just those extra few hundred yards to pull himself out of any mess he may find himself in. The only question is: is he good enough to tackle animals of his own year like Simon Pure and Selene? Last year the Free Handicap put Selene a stone above Simon Pure—Poisoned Arrow was an unknown quantity. I always take the Free Handicap as the basis of all calculations of unknown quantities. On the Cambridgeshire running, Poisoned Arrow would stand in the Free Handicap of 1921 on the 7.11 mark—about the same horse as Leighon Tor, and (as was proved in the Cambridgeshire) better than Stratford.

Some Weights.

Soubriquet (another whose name didn't appear in last year's F.H.) is, on the Oaks showing, 2 lb. behind Pogrom, who is in the Free Handicap at 8.2. Let us therefore reconstruct the Free Handicap with our additions.

	Free H'cap. weights.		Liver'l Cup weights.
Selene.....	8.4	..	8.2
Soubriquet ..	8.1	..	8.7
Poisoned Arrow	7.11	..	8.2
Simon Pure ..	7.1	..	8.7

Obviously, Poisoned Arrow and Selene stand out by themselves, but because I believe that Poisoned Arrow's bad luck in the Cambridgeshire should bring him nearer in the scale, Captain Fracasse is the danger to the best, but I go for Major Cayzer's horse. Incidentally, I might mention, in passing, that if one took last year's Free Handicap literally, Sicyon is in the race with about 10 lb. the best of the weights with Selene. For the moment my selection is

Poisoned Arrow, 1; Selene, 2; Captain Fracasse, 3.

The Manchester November Handicap.

I went through the Manchester November Handicap the other day, and really the entries are in the main part rags and rubbish. Of the 48 entries, and excluding De Mestre's little lot—and the public are sick of De Mestre and his mysteries—there are about nine left that you need bother your head about, and a few of these will be disposed of by the result of the Newbury Cup—a race which will be run after this edition of JOHN BULL has "gone to bed."

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.

LIVERPOOL (WEDNESDAY).

1.45 **Predial** (Vain Simon, Dutchman).
2.15 **Three Bridges** (Sheffield Lane, Terror).
2.45 **Torlonia** (Sunrising, Mardina).
3.15 **Plas Newydd** (Isle of Wight, Pandarus).
3.45 **The Downs** (Norseman, My Stars).

LIVERPOOL (THURSDAY).

1.15 **Polista** (Golden Gorse, Gentleman).
1.45 **Kari** (Crossjack, Lowood).
2.45 **Crevasse** (Tishy, Bhuidhaonach).
3.15 **Dalblaney** (Stick in the Mud, Bruff Bridge).
3.45 **Young Pole.**

LIVERPOOL (FRIDAY).

1.45 **Mary Selby** (Noce d'Argent, Rock Dove).
2.15 **Linby** (Night Watchman, Ecila).
2.50 **Poisoned Arrow** (Selene each way).
3.20 **Ctesiphon** (Rosemead, Zoolphokar).
3.5 **Thoughtless** (Recalled, Sir Greysteel).

LIVERPOOL (SATURDAY).

2.0 **Leighton** (White Bud, Lady Sleipner).
2.30 **Sierra Leone** (My Lord, Our Kiki).
3.0 **Phaon** (Crossjack, Twelve Pointer).
3.30 **Roller** (Sailor Son, Vaddy).

FREE WIRE.

All clients whose wires arrived before publication day received

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The Best Thing of the Week is
POISONED ARROW
(each way).
Liverpool Cup. Friday.

. . Sports and

NOTES ON HORSES.

JAMSEN.—This youngster is not of any great account, but he stays well.

TREGENWELL.—Although sent to Alexandra Park, this colt did not accompany Clochnaben to the post for the London Cup. He requires a longer course than one mile and a quarter to bring out his best qualities.

ALLUDE.—The filly is tolerably certain to win a race this back-end.

CLONREE.—This well-known "lepper" goes a bit on the flat, and may win a race over a distance of ground before his attention is once more turned to "the jumps."

SHADY LANE.—Up to now this colt has failed to reproduce his smart two-year-old form, and we have an idea that once or twice he has been run out of his distance.

BAALMAZOL.—Who hails from a quiet little stable, will probably start at a remunerative price when his day arrives.

CARBONARO.—This colt failed to cope with the speedy Cos—probably the fastest two-year-old of the season—at Kempton Park. His trainer had, however, tried the son of Corcyra very smart.

ALDERNEY.—Is by no means the least competent of his trainer's fine team of "sprinters," and he is probably destined to credit the yellow and black cap with a victory during the next few weeks.

ROYAL HUSSAR.—This horse has yet to make some return for the big sum he cost his present owner at Haydock Park a couple of months ago. He is moving in fine style.

BHUIDHAONACH.—Was not quite at his best when contesting the Rutland Handicap at the Houghton Meeting. Very useful over a mile and a half or thereabouts.

ROMAN FIDDLE.—This horse, who has not been seen to much advantage since the spring, is now at his best again.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

J. Jarvis's estimate of his phenomenally successful apprentice, C. Elliott, is that he is "a second Archer."

• • •

Stokes is reported to have considered that he finished third in the London Cup. If "Reggy" really said so, he must be a bad judge.

• • •

McLachlan, who has a big reputation "down under," was apprenticed in Australia to Richard Wootton. When that astute Turfite came to England he was anxious to bring McLachlan, but the boy refused to accompany him. Had he done so, McLachlan might have figured before now at the head of the list of winning jockeys, for he is a fine horseman, and rides a nice weight.

ANSWERS.

MINNIE (Salop).—There is a lady bookmaker practising in Tatts., and a very charming lady she is. Most of her clients are women.

• • •

J. B. O. (Kingston).—An "up and down" bet is when you back two horses, and the stakes from each (in the event of one or both winning) go on to the other.

• • •

MATER HOSPITAL (Dublin).—Will the thousands of readers who have written with reference to the above matter communicate with Dick Duggan, 38, Dame Street, Dublin, who will tell them all about it.

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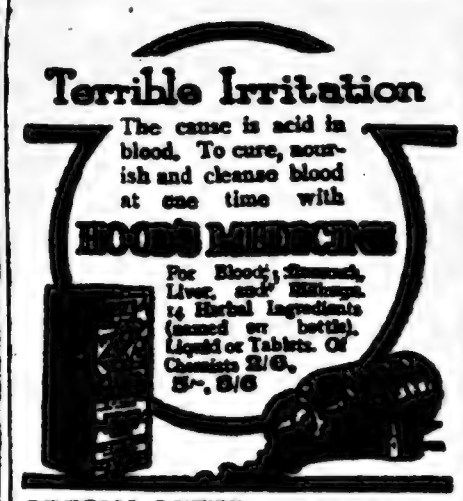

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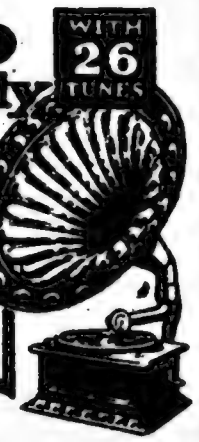

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Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE

THE BALL GAME

Naps.

20 home winners, 1 away and 4 draws were indicated by our football expert in his selections for October 28th.

Everton and Erin.

Everton import more Irish players than any other club—perhaps because Erin is so near to Liverpool they get the first whisper. All the immigrants haven't been value for money, but a thousand and a half of Bradburys is not exactly money thrown away. This is what Alf Harland has cost, but if he keeps as good a goal for Everton as he did for Ireland against England, he's going to prove one of the bargains of the century.

The New Jesse.

When Jesse Pennington realised his playing days were over, there was a lot of anxiety at the Hawthorns. But much of this has disappeared since Adams settled down in the left full-back position. He has plenty of judgment and kicks a nice length. Adams should stop in the side on his present form.

The New Joe.

Preston North End think they have a successor to Joe MacCall in Marshall. He has a long way to go to reach Joe's standard, but he has plenty of time to learn, and is willing to do so. Preston have no use for the young player who thinks he knows everything, otherwise Marshall would not get his chance.

Utley as a Coach.

When George Utley was given a free transfer by Sheffield United, many people thought that he was a back number, but Manchester City had other views, and are getting useful service out of a veteran who has appeared in two finals and played for the English League. George was such a good captain that he should be very useful as a coach to the young players at Hyde Road, along with Billy Meredith.

Not as It Should Be.

The best centre-forward in Scotland is an Englishman, Sid Puddefoot, and the best in England are Scotsmen—Andy Wilson and Neil Harris, which is hardly as it should be. Wilson is not getting the goals he did last season, but even with Harris bang in form I shall be surprised if the latter supersedes Wilson in the Scottish eleven. After all, Andy is not only a big-match player, but a match winner with half a chance.

Coming Backs.

Bolton Wanderers have got a most promising back in young Finney, who, while only just out of his "teens," has intelligence and excellent control of the ball, which allows him to put it where he likes when he has the necessary time. When Finney puts on another stone or so he will be a great player. Another back who has come on this season is Turnbull of the Arsenal. Experience has given him a better knowledge of positional play, while his intereception and tackling are excellent. Where he can further improve is to cut out over-kicking—his one fault.

Tradition.

I saw Newcastle United for the first time this season the other day, and I was highly impressed with the team. There was all the old Newcastle style and team work, even if some of the present-day wearers of the black and white stripes are not quite of the calibre of their predecessors. Obviously, Colin Veitch as tutor is playing a great part at Newcastle. So long as the Club insists on their employees aspiring to high-class football, they need not worry about cups and championships. After all, professional footballers are, or should be, public entertainers, not mere chasers of trophies.

Best in the South.

The best centre-half in the South from the classical point of view is Alec Graham of the Arsenal. He's not so tireless and indefatigable as Walters of the Spurs, but a master of positional play and can get the ball under control that two seconds quicker than the majority, which makes all the difference. Other Graham items are a capacity to give the run-through pass and a wonderful kick in his left foot which has collected a heap of penalty kicks. Middlesbrough badly needed Graham when he had not re-signed at Highbury, and Andy Wilson in particular hoped Graham would go North and play behind him.

Good for Goals.

Pagnam promises to be the League's heaviest goal-scorer if he can keep his present crop going. Perhaps he finds Third Division backs easier to dodge than those he met when he was first with Liverpool, then with the Arsenal and thirdly with Cardiff City. Still, Pagnam was always a menace to goalkeepers, with his penchant for having a "dip" from anywhere within reasonable range. Pagnam is a versatile fellow outside his football. He knows a lot about the cinema trade and is excellent company.

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 11

(Nap selections in black type.)

Home Winners.

Arsenal, **Aston Villa, Cardiff,** Chelsea, Liverpool, **Manchester C.,** Sunderland, **Barnsley,** Bradford C., **Bury, Coventry,** Derby, West Ham, Wolves, **Ashington, Chesterfield,** Halifax, **Nelson, Darlington, Rochdale,** Walsall, **Luton,** Merthyr, Northampton, **Norwich, Portsmouth, Queen's Park R., Swansea, Swindon, Aberdeen,** Alloa, **Celtic,** Kilmarnock, Partick T.

Away Winners.

Bolton, **Middlesbro, Leicester,** Grimsby, Bradford, **Plymouth, Watford, Rangers,** Falkirk.

Draws.

Blackburn v. Huddersfield, **Notts F.** v. **Burnley,** Blackpool v. Notts C., **Clapton** v. **Manchester U., Palace** v. **Wednesday,** Southport v. Lincoln, **Charlton** v. **Millwall,** Albion v. Motherwell, Hibernians v. Dundee, **Raith R.** v. **3rd Lanark.**

Suggested Coups.

8 HOME:—Aston Villa, Barnsley, Nelson, Luton, Portsmouth, Swindon, Celtic, Aberdeen.

4 AWAY:—Middlesbro, Leicester, Watford, Rangers.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY:—Bury, Swindon, Celtic, Watford, Rangers.

3 DRAWS:—Notts F. v. Burnley, Palace v. Wednesday, Clapton v. Manchester U.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Nelson, Watford, Palace v. Wednesday.

The "Star of Fortune" Puzzle is well worth solving.

John Bull's Footballers

No. 8.—C. BUCHAN (Sunderland)

CHARLES BUCHAN of Sunderland has one great fault—he's too clever. At least, that's one reason officially given why Charles has not played in every one of England's internationals for ten years.

Officialism says "no other player can anticipate his many movements and therefore he does not blend."

This is a back-handed sort of compliment, but there's something in it. Buchan should have been a Scotsman. In Scotland the football "sense" is a bit keener than ours, and they would have blended Buchan all right over the Border, where they think the world of him.

Buchan is the greatest footballer London has produced. His first chance was with the old Leyton club. Here was the opportunity for London managers to show their discernment, but before he had reached his zenith, Charles had gone to Sunderland and he's not in the least likely to leave that town.

"The only player worth £4,000," once said Sir Henry Norris, the Arsenal president. As Sir Henry thinks £1,500 should be the top price, the compliment is obvious.

Wherein lies Buchan's greatness? Well, he simply applies his brawn to football genius and a natural athletic physique. For a six-footer he is wonderfully nimble. He can dribble the ball round a sixpence, and when he is in possession there isn't a half-back living who can guess how he is going to part with it.

Buchan can push the ball out to either wing with either the instep or the side or sole of the boot, and when he scores goals, seldom does so with a fast shot. He prefers the greater certainty of a jab, as it can be best described. Many a time also have I seen Buchan's long leg go up at a bouncing ball and direct it to the net with the flat of his foot!

But the biggest menace to goalkeepers is Charlie's head. He is so tall that he can reach over defenders and nod the ball into the net, and he is a specialist at the "glider"—a professional term for the move of the head the way the ball is travelling. No goalkeeper can stop these.

Buchan plays his best games in London, and puts £500 on to any metropolitan gate.

P. S.

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To My Old Comrades

Where Do We Stand After Four Years?

by FIELD MARSHAL EARL HAIG

WITH the fourth anniversary of Armistice Day at hand, ex-Service men can properly take stock of what has been accomplished by them since the day so vividly remembered when the Armistice was signed.

To the credit side we can set a great deal. We have built up in the British Legion a great and growing organisation with branches extending all over the British Empire to the number already of more than 2,000. This has been done in the course of less than two years, after the first essential task, the bringing together of the separate ex-Service organisations previously existing had been safely and satisfactorily achieved.

Under the special heading of British Legion work can be grouped a vast amount of good and useful effort, not a tithe of which, it is safe to say, would have been forthcoming had not the comradeship, good sense and public spirit of all ranks of ex-service men called the British Legion into being. We have raised considerable sums of money, though, unfortunately, not yet enough to meet completely the many worthy purposes to which it has been applied for the benefit of ex-Service men and women. We have spent that money wisely, and in so doing have relieved many tens of thousands of cases of real distress among members of the ex-Service community. The paragraphs that appear weekly on this page testify to the nature of our activities and to their success.

That is not all. We can fairly claim to have done something which from some points of view is perhaps an even finer achievement than the help we have been able to give to our disabled and unemployed companions. We have kept the spirit of comradeship alive among us, and by so doing have acted as a steadying influence upon the whole nation during four most difficult years. Men who were almost in despair, or indeed despairing, ready from sheer wretchedness to attempt almost any desperate action which might seem to offer the chance of temporary relief from dire distress, have been given a new hope. They have been made to understand that the services they rendered to their country in the hour of peril are not, after all, wholly forgotten; that they have friends and comrades willing and anxious to give them a helping hand.

THIS is a great work that the Legion has done. How great can only be realised by those who have read of the troubles that followed upon our earlier wars, or who have had some inside knowledge of the risks of serious disorder with which the safety of the State was threatened in the first year of peace. The British Legion and those great organisations of ex-Service men which preceded it and loyally came together in May, 1921, for the advancement of their common cause and objects, have deserved right well of their country in this matter. They have indeed performed in this direction, and the members of the British Legion are still performing, work only less valuable in the interests of the nation than the splendid service they gave so devotedly on the field of battle.

There is yet another part of our work which goes to the credit side of the account. Our activities are not limited to these Islands. They stretch right round the globe wherever the British flag flies. Through the instrumentality of the British Empire Services League we are linked up with the ex-Service organisations of the Overseas Dominions and Dependencies. We are working and co-operating with them in ex-Service matters of Imperial interest, and so helping to keep alive the spirit of comradeship throughout the Empire. By our close and friendly association with the Inter-Allied Federation of Ex-Service Men we seek to maintain good feeling and good understanding between the nations who fought side by side in the Great War, and so are working actively in the cause of world peace.

EARL HAIG.

In short, the British Legion is something more than a band of old war comrades pledged to look after the interests of the less fortunate among them. It is a bulwark of the Constitution and a living bond of Empire.

That is no bad list on the credit side of the account, and to it can be added the good work that has been done by the officials of the Legion, and the pressure of Legion opinion, in influencing the views and actions of the Government and Ministry of Pensions in favour of more generous treatment of the just claims of the ex-Service community. The effect of this has been marked, and has resulted not only in financial concessions in the matter of rates of pensions, but in obtaining a more sympathetic interpretation of the terms of the regulations governing such matters, as well as more sympathetic treatment of individual cases.

In our dealings with the Government and Government departments we have been, as we intend to remain, non-political. We judge each minister and every government by two things, (1) their regard for the safety and well-being of our Empire and Constitution which we are pledged to maintain and uphold, and (2) their attitude towards ex-Service men. Beyond that, we remember the promises that were made to us in December, 1918, promises that could not be fulfilled and should never have been made, and we are weary of promises.

Great as is the work we have already done, there is an immense amount of work yet to do. Genuine cases of distress are brought to the notice of our branches and head office daily; unemployment is still rife among ex-Service men. Quite apart from cases of this kind, there are the needs of the disabled to be met and the children and widows of the fallen to be given a helping hand. These last are permanent liabilities, for our generation at least, and they make a big call annually on our funds.

THE call must be met somehow, but we cannot say that it is yet being met in the way in which it ought to be met and satisfied. In this branch of its work the Legion has been compelled to live from hand to mouth, and there is the future to consider. We want more money and the need is urgent.

We want more members also. That is another entry on the debit side of the account. Large as our membership now is, and rapidly as it is growing, there are still great numbers of ex-Service officers and men outside the British Legion who ought to be brought in.

Next Saturday we enter on another year in the ex-Service men's calendar. Let us make it a good one, and give it a right good send off. There is only one way to get members, and that is for every man and woman who belongs to the Legion to see that their ex-Service friends join also. Don't go off with the idea that it is no good asking so-and-so, because he is doing well and does not need help. He is the very man we want! Ask him to join. Tell him it is his duty, and see that he does his duty. Ex-Service men and women who are lucky enough to be well established in civil life owe it to their less fortunate comrades to join the Legion at once, if they have not already done so, and help to strengthen the organisation that is "out to help" ex-Service men and women.

Next Saturday is a good day to start. Every ex-Service man who buys a poppy on that day ought to ask himself whether he has joined the Legion, and if not, why not.

The other debit item, the work we have still to do before we are able to say that the needs of all disabled ex-Service men and women, and the requirements of all dependents of our fallen comrades, have been safely met and provided for securely, before we can say that every genuine case of hardship and distress has been adequately remedied, that question is one of money.

It is perhaps the hardest problem of all, for it is the one in which ex-Service men are most dependent upon the help of others. I ask those others to remember what their Armies did for them, and think for a moment, when they see the scarlet poppies in the streets, just what Armistice Day means. Let them think what it means to them, to their happiness and prosperity and the safety of their homes and loved ones. Let them think, if they can, what the scarlet poppy means to the men who saw them blooming beside the trenches and graves in France.

WE who belong to the Legion will do what we can on Saturday. We will buy our poppies and wear them, and pay generously for them, for the sake of our comrades who are less fortunate than we. We ask our fellow-countrymen and women to follow our example, and to give no less generously.

On Turning a Blind Eye

Nelson turned a blind eye—and won a battle. But he wasn't really taking an uncalculated risk.

It isn't always the seemingly "safe" method that turns up smiling. With you perhaps there's a feeling that high prices go with good clothes. You can turn an unobservant eye on that theory—and win out.

Wear King-Tailored Clothes. You're not even taking the chance you may suppose. King-Tailored Clothes have a 40-year reputation, and a popularity growing greater every day. Yet they are at much-abused low prices.

Try Stewarts for your overcoat. The Stewart Mail Order Dept. places within your reach the same reliable, satisfactory service in both to-measure and ready-made orders as is obtained at any of our 130 branches. Fill in attached pattern coupon or send p.c. to-day.

ALL-WOOL COATS - - 30/-

Smart, comfortably-fitting Coats in sound, durable All-Wool Cloth, medium grey. Good quality cloth from good British Mills, and reliable tailoring. Not just low-priced coats, but coats of astonishing quality worthy of a much higher price. A wonderful achievement. Satisfaction in every stitch.

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Cut and tailored to your individual measures throughout. The enormous Stewart buying commands the first pick of the new cloths from the best Mills. It also enables us to offer leading value.

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And Other Fine Cloths at Handy Prices.

PATTERN COUPON.

Cut this out and send to Stewarts Clothiers Ltd. The King Tailors, Dept. 11, Middlesbrough, for free patterns of suitings and overcoatings. Write your name and address clearly in block letters. Post in unsealed envelope and use a halfpenny stamp.

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GRAND FOOTBALL BALLOT

Fascinating Football Competition

What is your Ideal Team?

Every football enthusiast can pick an Ideal Team. From goal to centre forward he knows just the men who should be in the respective positions.

Here is a great opportunity to test how closely your selection would meet with popular approval.

The Football Ballot Competition will determine the Season's Ideal Team.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Obtain from the address below or from any of our selling agencies, a voting paper. On this voting paper will be found a list of players in their playing positions. Put a cross opposite the name of the player you think best suited for his position.

Only eleven crosses must appear on any paper.

If less or more than eleven crosses appear the paper will be invalid.

The players receiving the most votes in their respective positions will be elected the Ideal Football Team.

The Competitor who selects the Ideal Football Team or nearest will receive the - - First Prize of £5,000

The Next Nearest, £2,000 - The Third, £1,000

and so on in order of merit.

In the event of a tie or ties the prize money will be equally divided.

Every ballot paper will be carefully scrutinised and classified by a competent staff and finally examined by a recognised firm of Chartered Accountants, whose decision will be final and binding (name given on request).

No correspondence can be entered into regarding the ballot. Every request for a ballot paper must be accompanied by a P.O. or M.O. for 5/-. Competitors may have as many additional ballot papers as they wish. Additional ballot papers 5/- each. Two readers may enter on one ballot paper, but only one name and address should appear on coupon below.

£10,000 must be Won

1st Prize		£5,000	8th Prize		£200
2nd	"	£2,000	9th	"	£200
3rd	"	£1,000	10th	"	£100
4th	"	£ 500	11th	"	£100
5th	"	£ 250	12th	"	£100
6th	"	£ 250	13th	"	£ 50
7th	"	£ 200	14th	"	£ 50

All the above Prizes will be Paid in Cash.

The closing date of The Football Ballot will be announced shortly.

All Ballot Papers and Remittances to be sent to Registered Office.

The entire Competition will be supervised by the Chartered Accountants above referred to and an Insurance on behalf of the prize winners has been effected with underwriters at Lloyd's.

Bankers: Barclays and the Union Bank of Manchester, Ltd.

A SPECIAL EXTRA PRIZE OF £5,000.

Up to £5,000 of the proceeds of the Competition beyond the prizes and expenses will be paid to Charities named on the coupon and every Competitor can vote for the Charity he or she prefers.

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enables anyone to work elegant designs in embossed embroidery on frocks, jumpers, children's dresses, etc. Also affords pleasant pastime to adorn your home with artistic bedcovers, cushions, table-centres, etc., etc. Unbreakable and simple to operate. With directions, price 3/9, post 3d.

Send now P.O. 4/- to—

THE E. J. R. CO. (Dept. J.B.),
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WHAT WOMEN ARE ASKING
The Reason of Their Anxiety.

"Is there anything that will give me back my natural colour, and the strength that I once had?" That is the question many overworked and thin-blooded girls and women are anxiously asking.

Worry, and in many cases work beyond their strength have sapped their vitality. Tired and run-down all the time, getting through the day's duties only by strength of will, it is surprising that they avoid serious illness. They eat little, and cannot digest that, while weakness increases until merely going upstairs causes breathlessness and palpitation. All these sufferings arise from bloodlessness, woman's worst enemy.

The most reliable blood enricher and tonic is Dr. Williams' pink pills, and, far better than anything else, they meet the need of pale, weak, nervous women, who drag about never quite well, and never strong enough for the day's work. These pills renew and enrich the blood supply, and the best evidence of their value is the praise expressed by happy, healthy girls and women in every town.

Begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of chemists, or from address below, 3s. 0d. per box, post free.

"Nature's Warnings" is a book that all girls and women should read. It will be sent free to all who write to N.W. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Elections and Exchanges.

The impending General Election is still casting a gloom over the markets, which are also puzzled by the extravagant fluctuations in exchange. The German mark has gone to pot, as I have all along predicted, and its downfall has been to some extent reflected in other European currencies. The franc and the lira have on the whole maintained a commendable front, and should be worth buying for the long shot. But in the present state of international unsettlement they are a gamble.

City Life.

Many readers are naturally perturbed about the position of the City Life Assurance Co. The only advice I can give them is to await the actuarial valuation which is now in progress, and the result of which is to be published in a few days' time. The company is obviously in difficulties, but during the past year it seems to have been putting its house in order, and I am in hopes that it will succeed in regaining its feet.

De Beers.

The announcement of the Board's intention to issue another 100,000 deferred shares caused De Beers to drop a few days ago, but it did not take long for the market to recover, and the quotation is once more strong on the wing. At the time of writing the purpose of the new issue is not explained, but it can only be for the acquisition of new properties, and the directors are the kind of men who do not embark on such an enterprise unless they know something. The move is more of a bull than a bear point.

"Chances on Nature."

From my letter bag I gather that Lieut.-Col. F. H. Peter, D.S.O., M.C., is still busy selling "chances on nature," in the form of five-year leases on land in Texas at £3 per acre. If you invest £3 in one of these leases you may wake up next morning and find yourself rich beyond the dreams of avarice. You are much more likely to find yourself poorer by £3. This kind of trading ought to be beneath the dignity of a D.S.O. and an M.C.

South Africa to Galicia.

The Union Oil Co. of South Africa is changing its name to the Union Oil Trust, and shareholders are invited to subscribe £88,000 in the form of Preferred Ordinary shares of 5s. each. The company's South African enterprises have proved a failure, so it has acquired options in Galicia, concerning which optimistic opinions are expressed. The old Board has disappeared and a new one is installed.

Up a Tree.

A correspondent thinks I have done Mr. William Taverner, of Middle Age Pension fame, a wrong, and challenges me to all sorts of tests and interviews with that great man. Apparently the writer is under the impression that if he can induce me to give a good opinion of Mr. Taverner such opinion will enable him to live down the term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced some time ago. I am sorry. And I must reiterate that my readers had better keep clear of Mr. Taverner's latest activity, as represented by Quarterly Dividends, Ltd.

Tintinnabulation.

The tin position continues strong, the price of the metal having risen almost sensationally. Tin shares have sympathised, but not yet so much as the commodity market justifies. There is still scope for advancement and, in reply to some correspondents, I may say that Bisichi and Naraguta Extended are worth holding for investment, apart from their attractiveness as speculations.

Olla Podrida.

Here is a variegated list of investments which I can recommend:—

Peter Walker, 7% 1st. debs.	102
" " Ordinary ...	17/9
Lipton 9% Preference ...	24/10½
Pullman Car 8% Debs. ..	106½
Buchanan-Dewar 7½% Pref.	23/7½
India 5½% Stock.....	98½

An investor with sufficient capital to spread over this list will never come to grief. And I don't think that anyone electing to go nap on a single one of them will live to regret his investment.

"A Dearth of Mugs."

H. Wadham & Co., Ltd., have gone into liquidation, and a good job too. They described themselves as "financiers, brokers, and underwriters," and their address was in Throgmorton Street. Their liabilities amount to £109,318, and their assets to £244. The firm's business appears to have consisted in placing shares in an oil company "to be formed," and it would seem that a fair amount of success was met with in this part of the enterprise, but expenses included such items as travelling and motor-hire, £10,800; entertaining, £15,500; payments to agents, £16,500; and so on. And eventually the "mugs" gave out.

The Berry Brothers.

A fortnight ago I made a mistake in referring to "Sir" Seymour Berry, who has not yet been knighted. I was thinking of Sir William Berry, the newspaper magnate, and in using his name by way of illustration I did not for a moment intend to suggest that he had any connection with the catering firm of R. E. Jones, Ltd., whose commercial operations I ventured to criticise.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

21—Savings and Common-sense.

IT is because I believe that, while we are working and waiting for the millennium, it is altogether a good idea to make the best of things as they are, that I rejoice in the evidence that while the war did many harmful things to our society, it did at least one good thing, and that in a most unexpected direction, by increasing the habit of putting by for a rainy day.

Undoubtedly the invention of War Savings Certificates, now called National Savings Certificates, created the means and the desire to save for hundreds of thousands of families, and I hope the words I am writing may induce many thousands more to go to the Post Office to acquire the handiest form of small investment ever offered.

Let me set out the cheerful record in simple terms:

The first one hundred million certificates were sold by April, 1917; the second by May, 1918; the third by February, 1919; the fourth by March, 1920; the fifth by January, 1922.

A little later, at the end of March, 1922, the total had reached 575,436,093. By September 30 it had grown further to 594,567,712.

Of this great total little more than 100,000,000 has been withdrawn.

The best of it is that these savings have not reduced the deposits in the Savings Banks.

It will be observed that savings have largely grown despite bad trade and unemployment. It is surely remarkable that in the six months ended September 30, nearly 20 million certificates were sold. One could have no better proof that the habit of thrift once acquired is not easily lost.

There are only ten million families in the United Kingdom, and the sale of 20 million certificates in six months means that in that short period, there was a sale of two certificates for each family.

How many serious problems might be solved if we could still further increase the popularity of saving! It is the fact that hundreds of millions are squandered by all classes, and that a diversion of one-half, or even one-fourth, of these hundreds of millions to good ends would erase our slums, beautify our towns, and rear the children in health and beauty.

SQUANDERMANIA AT GENEVA

The Costly Futility of The League of Nations

WITH the ideal of the League of Nations everybody must agree. This is an entirely different thing from agreeing with its methods and procedure.

What is the League of Nations doing? In the recent Near East crisis we were on the verge of another great war. The League was helpless. But when it comes to spending money the League is right in the front rank.

True, it is dealing with certain questions—the opium menace and the age of consent for the women of Siam. This is a far cry from the prevention of war and the reduction of armaments. But the League is spending £1,000 a day in salaries alone.

Its officials and clerks draw handsome salaries with no practical results, and altogether the League has cost over a million pounds.

Girl typists working in Geneva get more than British Members of Parliament at Westminster; married members of the staff are sent over from this country with their wives and children at the expense of the ratepayers.

Sir Eric Drummond, the chief of the British staff, gets £4,000 a year and £6,000 for expenses. Many officials get £2,000 a year and expenses, and the typists in many cases get as much as £3 a day expenses. Even messengers, who are well paid, receive in some cases £1 a day expenses over and above their salaries.

Take the question of the Library at Geneva. The Librarian gets a thousand a year, and he has two assistants to help him, at six hundred and fifty each. A shorthand-writer gets close on four hundred, an "indexer" gets over four hundred. Copyists and even checking file clerks and desk accountants get over three hundred each.

Truly a grandiose establishment—all this expensive staff getting ready, at our cost for the great Day when the League will really function. In this respect, however, hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Then there are Editors and Assistant Editors for the Précis-Writing Departments, jobs for all sorts and conditions at all sorts of salaries, mostly fat. The thing is a scandal.

This wasteful and ridiculous expenditure ought to be cut down. Here is an opportunity for the new Government. We are concerned only with what this country is spending. It is no excuse that other countries are also throwing money into this bottomless pit.

The day may come when the League of Nations will justify its existence, but there is at present no excuse for spending recklessly upon it as though it had already achieved the ideals set before it.

LOAN CLUB TRAGEDIES

A Warning to Depositors

THE season is fast approaching for the annual crop of loan club scandals, those minor tragedies of working-class society which year after year bring gloom, if not actual misery, to many a humble home.

Absconding and defaulting treasurers and secretaries will once more figure in the Police Courts; while defrauded members who had confidently entrusted their hard-earned savings to dishonest club officials will bemoan their losses in vain.

Some months ago Mr. Frank Briant, then Member of Parliament for Lambeth, represented to the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies the advisability of formulating some scheme whereby all small loan clubs could be compelled to conform to uniform rules for the protection of depositors and shareholders who pay in their weekly shillings and half-crowns for a yearly draw, but that official, it seems, has not so far seen his way clear to do anything tangible in the matter.

The case of the "Beehive Diddlum Club," Southall, will be within the recollection of many. In this instance, Alfred Akehurst, of Southall, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing £225, belonging to members of the club.

A more tragic affair was that of a Northampton loan and dividend club, of which Walter Coles, licensee of the New Town Tavern, Wellingborough Road, Northampton, was the trusted treasurer. When the share-out was due there was found to be a shortage of £180. Coles, who admitted his responsibility for the loss in a letter which he left behind, expiated his broken trust by shooting himself in a hut on Christmas morning—small consolation for the victims of his dishonesty.

A less tragic case was that of Alfred Leveridge, who ran a farthing club at Willesden, the funds whereof he embezzled to the amount of about £60. When repayment was due, he absconded, but later was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

The suicide of George Tobias Lewry, employed at the India Store, Belvedere Road, Lambeth, and secretary and treasurer of a "diddlum" club held there, was due, as in the case of Coles, to his improper handling of the club's funds.

To these more serious cases might be added hundreds of others which occurred all over the country, each involving serious loss to members at a time when their savings would have proved most useful to them.

It is to be hoped that loan club members will, this year, assure themselves of the safety of their investments while there is yet time.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

The Greatest Gramophone Bargain in the World.

A SIX-GUINEA MACHINE with FREE GIFT OF RECORDS (6 Selections) for 50/-

ONLY.

THE Universal Stores—the World-famed Bargain House of Manchester—have again pleasure in announcing that they are able to put before the British public a new and entirely improved model of Hornless Gramophone of high-class make, with the latest improvements.

Although these machines are equal in every respect to those costing 10 guineas or more, we are giving the opportunity to readers of JOHN BULL to obtain these magnificent instruments at this extraordinary low advertising price. Please note the specification of the machine, which is guaranteed high-class throughout, and cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than six guineas. Now is the time to buy Gramophones, as the days are getting shorter; the long winter evenings are coming in, and whilst you draw your chair closer to the fire this machine will entertain and amuse you by playing to you the best band music, your favourite songs, the finest operas, sacred music—in fact, any instrumental or vocal selection your heart desires. A delightful musical instrument that will give you real pleasure.

The tone of a good hornless machine is much better than a horn machine with its metallic vibration, besides the saving of room and its portability.

EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED EXACTLY AS ILLUSTRATED.

Our price for these machines, for a limited time, is 50/- only, which includes a FREE GIFT of New 10-in. Records (6 Selections) and a box of 200 needles, sent well packed (box and packing free) to any address in the British Isles.

If unable to send full cash at once, secure the machine now by sending a small deposit; the balance can be paid at your own convenience.

SPECIFICATION.

Solid oak polished cabinet, new Design, with rounded corners and edges, and carved out panels on doors.

Powerful and very silent-running motor, with double record spring, 10-inch turntable that will take up to 12-inch records, nickel silverplated tone-neck tone arm, special concert sound box, with insulated rubber back, speed regulator. Oak grille in front of machine and double folding doors on piano hinges to increase or diminish sound at will. Size of machine approximately: 16 in. long, 14½ in. wide, and 9 in. deep.

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A BEAUTIFUL ART ALBUM, complete with 12 DOUBLE-SIDED 2/6 RECORDS (making 24 selections) and box of 200 best quality needles, sent carriage paid for ONLY 21. The selection of Records to be left to us, but we guarantee a good all-round selection of latest Songs, Bands, etc. Every Record is warranted new and unscratched, entirely British made, and are the best Records on the market.

You run no risk of disappointment in dealing with the Universal Stores, of Manchester (established over 20 years), and your money will be refunded in full if you are not delighted with your Bargain.

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Orme Buildings, The Parsonage, J.B.13, MANCHESTER.

Treasury Notes must be sent by registered post. Postal Orders and cheques should be crossed "& Co." and made payable to the Universal Stores, Ltd. (E.W.)

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

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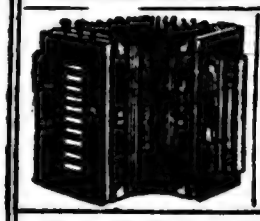

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3 acting stops.
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Rich Organ tone.
Superb finish.

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Order yours to-day.

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You can keep the same Gillette blade in perfect condition during 6 months' daily use by means of the

MONKEY STROP

This wonderful device means all the difference between half-a-dozen and 200 clean shaves from the same blade. No adjustments. No trouble. Always ready for use. Puts a keen barber's edge on GILLETTE or ANY MAKE OF BLADE in a few seconds by simply turning the handle. The secret is that both sides of the blade are strop-sharpened evenly at the correct angle. Think of the comfort and the money you save. A perfect shave every day of your life and no need to buy new blades. Send remittance to-day and have the "Monkey Strop" for

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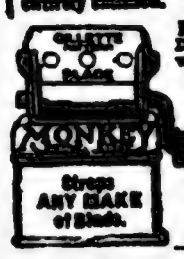
with guarantee to return money in full if not entirely satisfied. *Keenest blades used*



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De Luxe Model, complete with Nickel Plated Case post Free 5/6

Obtainable from Harrod's, Ltd. Cutlery Dept.), London; Boots Ltd's (Cutlery Dept.), The Pelais, London, other Stores and Cutlers, or direct from Manufacturers.

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John Bull's Letter Bag

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

"READER" (Coventry).—"I do not think it is worth while to put my name to this letter." You know its value best.

M. G. (Richmond).—"Let Britain be for the British, not for the pampered alien." 'Ear, 'ear! our old machine-gunner.

HUMANE (Cheltenham).—"I have a female cat and cannot bring myself to drown the kittens." You are breaking our heart!

X. P. S. (Walworth).—"I wonder if I shall see this masterpeice of epistolary skill in 'J. B.'" No, sir, only a pompous excerpt.

P. R. T. (Neath).—"There's no doubt about it, JOHN BULL serves up hot stuff all right." We do; and our sauce is wonderful.

GRADUATE (Shepherd's Bush).—"I am often ridiculed on account of my Oxford accent." The real reason may be just your swank.

S. T. (Redcar).—"I am the victim of a vengeance, but no one will believe me." But are you sure you are? Perhaps it's diabetes.

KEEN EARS (Kidderminster).—"I distinctly heard the noise of the explosion last Saturday." That is one of the things you needn't write to JOHN BULL about.

T. J. B. (Croydon).—"Could we not set aside a day for prayer that a wise Government may be returned?" Those kind of prayers haven't been answered for years.

V. A. (Exeter).—"Do you grow your own poets, or have outsiders a chance with their verses?" We grew two, but they both got married, with disastrous results.

SEPTUAGENARIAN (Wakefield).—"I have buried three wives, and I am now hesitating whether I'm too old to take another." Not too old to take, but surely too old to bury!

A. F. A. (Travancore).—"Would not the introduction of the Value Payable Post system greatly increase the P.O. revenues?" It would. That is why the P.O. doesn't introduce it.

HENRY B. (Llanelly).—"The world is in the melting pot, and the men at the helm are totally unfitted to march in the van of progress." They should harness the pot to the helm of the van.

W. T. (London, E. 8).—Glad to know that you are quite happy doing domestic work and "wouldn't return to factory life for £5 a week." We agree that some girls are reluctant to enter private households for fear they will have *to work.*

TWENTY-ONE (Beaconsfield).—"I think girls are very much over-rated." And men too.

LOQUACIOUS (W. Hartlepool.)—"My friends tell me I talk too much." You are evidently a budding politician.

SCARED (Dumfries).—"Do you think we will ever have a Capital Levy?" No, sir. There isn't much capital left, anyway.

W. J. (Wellingborough).—"Is there any real cure for blushing?" The best plan we know is to cultivate a really nice mind.

UNLUCKY (Holloway).—"The Brewers' Exhibition is not what it used to be." Aren't they giving away samples this year?

D. R. (Cardiff).—"The income-tax authorities have not charged me enough; ought I to report it?" You ought; but you won't.

ETIQUETTE (Marylebone).—"When anyone says 'I beg your pardon,' is it correct to reply 'granted'?" Better say nothing and smile.

IN THE KNOW (London, E.).—"I am investing all my money in German marks." The next time you write to us, it will be from Hanwell.

NATURE LOVER (Canning Town).—"Oh, that summer might be always with us!" Thanks, but we prefer a little warm weather now and then.

J. McT. (Glasgow).—"There are some awful sights to be seen in Glasgow." You are entitled to say so, provided you mean no rudeness to the neighbours.

S. H. (Plymouth).—"I don't agree with you as a rule, but what you say about Lady Astor is quite true." Everything we say is quite true, but not always agreeable.

C. D. (London, S.W.).—"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the commissionaire at our local cinema." Don't envy him. Probably he is happier in his nightshirt.

C. L. A. (Chadderton).—"In what part of the world is the sea deepest?" We sent the office boy round to enquire of the Geographer-Royal, but the young rascal had not returned when we went to press.

MRS. J. (Bermondsey, S.E.) AND OTHERS.—Tickets for the Calcutta Derby Sweep are, strictly speaking, obtainable only by members of that Club, although it is sometimes possible to procure them through Colonial Banks, etc. The Committee are, however, now imposing restrictions upon outsiders obtaining them.

SIMPLE (Neath).—"Who was Brigham Young?" An early apostle of the Mormon sect.

BUSTER BROWN (Wolverhampton).—"Why do policemen have big feet?" To stand on.

WORKER (Poplar).—"Wait till Labour has saved England!" Do you mind if we take a chair?

S. O. S. (MORTLAKE).—"Where are the alleged Elysian fields?" Three doors from Heaven.

MERE-MAN (S. Shields).—"Save me from masculine women." Certainly. What is she doing to you?

J. K. (Portsmouth).—"My sister-in-law is verbally very violent." You shock us. No profanity, we hope.

T. A. F. (Liverpool).—"I was born in Wigan, but I am not ashamed of that." Nor your relations, we trust.

ALICE D. (Holyhead).—"I'm sure he likes me, but he won't speak." He may be doing you a great favour.

JACK TAR (Devonport).—"I haven't got a wife in every port!" With shore leave what it is, we do not blame you.

DORIS (Southfields).—"My ambition is to become a lady secretary." We advise you to start by buying a Dickshionary.

MODERATION (Huddersfield).—"Eight pints a day is enough for anyone." Depends whether your're taking a drink or a bath.

ANTI-RED (Manchester).—"We ought to imitate Italy and start a black-shirted movement." We should only upset the laundries.

SELF MADE (Burnley).—"All this schooling is waste of time. I started work when I was ten." We are glad you are satisfied with yourself.

JARGE (Hemel Hempstead)—"Making fun of countrymen has gone out of fashion." So have countrymen, judging by the last rural census.

P. M. (Kidderminster).—"Was it Sir Isaac Newton who invented the law of gravitation?" Strictly, he "discovered" it, but we hate to be fussy.

G. C. (Plumpton)."Why do we not cultivate the idle soil of Britain?" Largely because, rightly or wrongly, it doesn't belong to us, and gamekeepers are so sniffy.

MISS D. B. (Dunfermline).—"I wish your dear journal all the success it deserves—and then some." Thanks, but it is only dear in one sense, which no doubt is the one you mean.

NERVOUS (Bath).—"Is Botulism infectious?" No.

JESSIE (Southwold.)—"Why is a fox's tail called a brush?" We know not; we care not.

SCOTTIE (Kilmarnock).—"Have you ever tried haggis?" Yes; we are trying to forget it.

MRS. M. (Dorset).—"I have 21 birds and also a cat." What a very unenterprising cat.

SAMMY (Birmingham).—"What were the Mosaic Laws?" The laws of Moses. Read your Bible.

DOUBTFUL (Rochdale).—If you win the "Bullets" £1,000 you do *not* have to pay Income Tax upon it.

JUSTICE (West Ham).—"A levy on all fortunes over £5,000 ought to be made." Watch Switzerland!

PUNTER (Gloucester).—"Bookmakers are usually rich." They would be if they were paid their winnings.

M. R. K. (Clifton).—"I've always wanted to be an actor." So have quite a number of people now acting.

F. A. T. AND OTHERS.—We repeat that 1864 pennies are worth £7 15s. 4d. tDivide 1864 by 12 and then by 20.

CYCLOPS (Rugby).—"My aunt has read JOHN BULL from her childhood. She is 60." And still telling stories! Fie!

FIERY (Sunderland).—"What would you do with a wife who is always insulting you?" Send her back to her husband.

REGGIE (Aberavon).—"Welshmen are always run down." We only know one who is suffering that way just now.

IDA S. (Surbiton).—"I do think you might print *some* of the poetry I sent you." We printed a lot of it on page 29 last week.

GASPER (Chard).—"England will go to the dogs without Lloyd George." Maybe it is better than going to the dogs *with* him.

MOONSTRUCK (Angmering).—"Is the moon inhabited?" No. In proof whereof we state that JOHN BULL is not read there.

C. A. T. (Romford).—"Why is America called the Land of the Free?" Americans are spending large sums of money to find out.

SCANTY LOCKS (Kensington).—"I can't raise my hat to a lady without 'Egg' being shouted at me." It's a bitter yolk to bear.

MRS. H. (Bayswater).—"Is there any ulterior motive in men preferring female manicurists?" That is not the word we should use.

VEXED (Perry Bar.)—"They are always playing the piano next door: can't I do anything?" Yes, you are allowed to sing to it.

P. C. (Glos.).—"You are a dream, Mr. Editor!" You write so badly that we aren't sure whether you wrote "dream" or "scream."

AESTHETE (Bedford Park).—"In the matter of wallpapers, drastic reform is desirable." This will probably be one of Bonar Law's first jobs.

BIOLOGIST (St. Albans).—"If it is true that we evolved from monkeys, how is it that monkeys do not still develop into humans?" They are developing—but you don't notice it.

A. H. (Balham).—"I've been seeing red lately." Good gracious! You must have been juggling with those red pieces of cardboard that form the mysterious "Star of Fortune" Puzzle. We don't blame you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2/-
Send Coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage and get a J.B. Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, Standard Model. Additional Coupons up to six from J.B. any dates may be sent in part payment, each counting as 2d. off price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage. *DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra.* Address: Pen Dept. "John Bull" Long Acre, W.C.2. P.O.'s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Stale if Plain, Medium or Broad nib wanted. 11.11.22

Why pay 10/6?
21, Lower Redland Rd., Bristol. 8.9.22
"After giving my JOHN BULL Pen a fair trial I may say I am highly pleased, and consider it equal to any pen sold at 10/6."
A. S. B.
Cut out the Coupon now.

WONDERFUL OFFER in WINTER OVERCOATS

THESE beautiful all wool overcoats are the best winter wear that you can buy. They keep you warm on the coldest days, will stand any amount of wear; are of a smart and attractive design, and give the fullest value for money. Thoroughly suitable for business wear or out-door pursuits.

Smartly made, latest West End style, every garment turned out to perfection; absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.

Double-Breasted, all Wool Friezes, Grey or Drab Grey - - 32/6

Double-Breasted, all Wool Cheviot, Dark Grey - - - 35/-

ALSO

Single-Breasted all Wool Cheviot, Dark Grey - - - 30/-

HOW TO ORDER.—Send chest measurement and length of coat required. Enclose remittance to cover amount of purchase. Dispatch guaranteed within seven days.

We undertake to return your money in full together with the cost of postage should you fail to be satisfied and return the coat to us within seven days in good condition.

To secure this bargain write at once. Inspection invited.

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THIS most attractive costume in Orange and Black Dennison Crepe can be made up from the simple illustrated instructions in a very short time.

It is acknowledged by the Press to be the most striking costume

Send 50 Coupons to-day—or write for Lucky Gift Book and 5 free coupons and start collecting NOW.

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

D.4.

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and although the cost of production has considerably increased of recent months, we intend to show our appreciation of this Public support, and will continue to supply the Sartor Raincoat at 20/- carriage paid, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. Applications, however, should be made NOW.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are Tailored from a superb quality Gabardine, fully proofed, and warmly lined. Light in weight, and perfect in Style and Finish. You buy DIRECT, so there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS.

SEND NO MONEY—simply send a postcard for FREE PATTERNS AND STYLE BOOK (Ladies', Gent's, Maids', Youths'), and an accurate Self-Measurement form.

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Bronchitis & Whooping Cough

Your children's coughs and colds need not be alarming if you have Veno's at hand. It is the finest remedy ever offered for Children's Bronchitis and Whooping Cough. You'll have no trouble to get them to take it. It is composed of pleasant balsamic essences—with no injurious drugs—and the children like it—they actually beg for it.

Always have a bottle of Veno's in the cupboard. Bring it out at the first sign of a cough, whether it is the children or yourself. You'll save lots of distress and anxiety like that.

All chemists and stores sell Veno's, at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle.

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Should a Parent Tell?

FREE information, literature and advice concerning the dangers of Venereal Disease can be obtained from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects), 1/3 post free.

COMPETITORS

YOU MUST HAVE THE BOOK OF NOTIONS.

PAY AFTER YOU WIN!

A HUNDRED DOUBLE-MEANING SUGGESTIONS IN 10 MINUTES.

THERE is absolutely NO LIMIT to the number of smart efforts you can evolve with this Masterpiece work. NOTHING JUST LIKE IT has ever been published before. You can take any phrase in any Competition and turn to the subject that the phrase suggests and you get at once a number of witty, humorous or double-meaning suggestions that will assist you to

EASILY MAKE EXCELLENT LINES WITH WINNING CHANCES.

"NOTIONS" will give you a new interest in Competitions!
"NOTIONS" will give you a new hope!

PAY AFTER YOU WIN.—The publisher feels sure that all who use the "Book of Notions" will win prizes, and he now makes an offer to send the Book absolutely Free of Cost upon you promising to pay AFTER YOU WIN A PRIZE. Just write as follows (a post-card will do):—"Please send me a copy of your book NOTIONS. I agree to send you 1s. 6d. as soon as I have won a Prize by its aid." Sign your name and give address clearly. Write to-day as the Edition will soon be exhausted.

A. L. SAWYER, 6, Priory Park Road, Kilburn, London.

"SAFETY FIRST!"

Why Our Insurance Scheme is Free from Quibbling

THE casual reader of the articles being run by certain publications against Newspaper Insurance might be apt to draw the inference that Insurance in general and Newspaper Insurance in particular is unnecessary and unworkable. Such a conclusion would, however, be entirely unwarranted by the facts.

The conditions of modern society demand that the ordinary man and woman who is not in the happy position of having a large balance at the bank on which to draw in the case of sudden emergency, should make provision in some other form against the sudden accidents, illnesses and disablements which are liable to occur to anyone.

To embody a comprehensive Home Insurance Policy as part of the service of a daily paper or a weekly journal, and to provide free of all cost what could not be obtained from an insurance company for less than a guinea, was to provide a real boon for the great mass of the public. That in the great majority of cases the system of insurance is founded on an unworkable plan is no argument against the system of free Newspaper Insurance, but only an argument against the methods on which, at present, most papers attempt to run their systems.

The publications employed in levelling purely destructive criticism against a system that in theory and principle is wholly sound and beneficial would be much better employed in pointing out by means of really constructive criticism how the defects in the systems to which they object could be remedied. To attempt, as these publications are doing, to deprive the public of the boon of free insurance is as logical and reasonable as to attempt to prohibit the wholly necessary and beneficial functions of eating and drinking because some people overeat and others get drunk. Is it then possible to run a scheme of free Newspaper Insurance devoid of the defects to which, at present, objection is being taken?

Most certainly it is. JOHN BULL is the only paper that is in a position to argue the case for Free Newspaper Insurance, because JOHN BULL is the only paper that has inaugurated an insurance scheme that will stand close investigation.

The trouble with every other Newspaper Scheme is that it is based on a system of divided responsibility. The newspaper registers its readers, but their insurance business is handed over to an outside company with no other interest whatever in the reader except to avoid paying claims if any technical reasons for so doing can be found.

Objection is taken, and rightly taken, to this: but it in no way destroys the value of free Newspaper Insurance. For the matter could very simply be put right if the paper which incurs the moral and material responsibility on behalf of its readers is *itself* prepared to meet this responsibility when the question of claims arises. In other words, the case of those who are arguing against Newspaper Insurance falls to the ground when, as in the case of JOHN BULL, the insurance business is not handed over to any third party whatsoever, but is handled by the paper itself from the time the reader is registered.

Let us examine for a moment the particular case of JOHN BULL. As a literary journal alone, it is freely admitted that a better twopennyworth is unobtainable. To mention but one feature of the free Insurance Scheme—the Fire Insurance—the registered reader of JOHN BULL obtains in addition, *for nothing*, a cover against the risk of fire to the extent of £300 for which any insurance company would charge at least six shillings per annum; while in addition he is given a fully comprehensive Home Insurance Policy which covers him against the risk of accident for which any outside insurance company would require a substantial premium.

Even so, the value of the JOHN BULL scheme would be seriously minimised were it not for the fact that JOHN BULL is its own insurance company, covering its own responsibility and settling its own claims: and its ability to do so is guaranteed by the financial backing of Odhams Press Ltd., with its 10,000 shareholders and its issued capital of £1,250,000. The success with which the subscription representatives of JOHN BULL meet is evidence enough, not only that the scheme is sound, but that it meets a real public need. Apart altogether from the fact that the organisation of a corps of competent representatives is enabling us to bring before thousands of people the benefits obtainable by taking advantage of the JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme, it has proved an unmixed blessing to scores of men struggling well nigh in vain to maintain existence in these unusually difficult times.

The fact that many of them are to-day in receipt of incomes ranging from £5 to £10 per week is proof, not only of their own ability, but of the public need for, and confidence in, a sound and satisfactory scheme of free Newspaper Insurance. JOHN BULL stands to-day in the proud position of being alone able to meet the attacks now directed on Newspaper Insurance. It does so because it believes strongly in the soundness and practicability of the principle of Free Insurance: and it does so still more because it is firmly convinced that the method on which the JOHN BULL scheme is founded is the only satisfactory basis of Newspaper Insurance: for it is only by such a method that any paper can establish and maintain that close personal contact with its readers that is the basis of mutual confidence on which the success of any scheme must depend.

"BULLETS" TENTH BIRTHDAY

A Review and Some Hints

THE list of winners in the "Bullets" 10th Birthday Competition was published last week, and readers have been able to form their own opinion of the winning lines, which, we consider, compare favourably with the best efforts of the past ten years. Some of the "Bullets" were very original, a most important quality in a big competition, and full advantage was taken of topical subjects to give an up-to-date turn to the examples. Many well-phrased lines failed only from want of that originality, good ideas being duplicated too heavily to have a chance of success; while a larger number of "Bullets" missed the mark altogether by the use of very ancient jokes. For example, ever since the trouble with Turkey the poor old "Bosphorus" has been dragged into "Bullets," Mr. Lloyd George, and other people, being declared not to be the "boss for us," while "Mustapha" (must have a) has been equally hardly used. By all means be topical, but be original as well. If "Bullets" are framed on ideas that appear likely to be duplicated, they must be constructed so cleverly that they stand out from the ruck.

"Bullets" examples are not framed, as Bret Harte puts it, "with intent to deceive," but they should be approached warily in order to avoid the obvious. As examples:—'A Close Friend" caused quite a rush of jokes on the legendary characteristic of the Scotsman; "Dangerous Age" produced numerous "Bullets" very similar in construction, mainly playing on "dotage" and other words ending in "age"; stars were shining very brightly "In Filmland"; "Favourite Everywhere" caused many simple references to the Prince of Wales; while "Ten Years Old" inspired many complimentary references to "Bullets" competitions in general, "Decade—Not Decayed" being very popular, but they were not sufficiently novel to figure among the big cash prize-winners.

Another fault, but not of so general a character, was a tendency to be too laboured. Extravagant punning and the use of long words are not necessary in the framing of successful "Bullets," and the successful list contained several lines worded in the simplest possible manner. This simplicity, together with their clever and direct appeal, gave them their places in the winning list.

The study of winning lines is the best education for "Bullets" competitors, and a careful consideration of the 10th Birthday results should prove very valuable to would-be prize-winners. The first prize winner was an excellent example of original treatment, the second and third were good topical "Bullets," and simplicity and directness were well exemplified in several of the £5 and £2 10s. winners. It is a matter of congratulation that the standard is so maintained.

THE SHOP WINDOW

S. A. BARRY & Co. have received a letter from an old JOHN BULL reader who has left the uncertain climate of England and is now in Rhodesia. He wanted another Barry suit, and wondered whether they had his measure. As Messrs. Barry keep careful record of the measures of all their customers there was no difficulty.

The Monkey Strop is offered on seven days' free trial. It sharpens Gillette and other safety razor blades. With it (it is claimed) 200 shaves can be given with one blade.

Gresolvent is well-known to many of our readers. It acts like magic on dirty hands and clears dirt and grease in a twinkling.

E. J. Riley's Billiard Tables are world-famous, and they offer them on easy terms.

The Sartor Manufacturing Company have sold many thousands of their raincoats (for men and women) to readers, at 20s., carriage paid. Patterns and style-book free.

The gramophone offer made by the Universal Stores is certainly attractive, and is good value at the low price of 50s.

The tailoring advertisement of Stewart's, of Middlesbro', is very attractive, and should be the more effective as it contains no exaggerations.

£500 FOR STAR GAZING

WHEN you hear anyone in train, tube, tramcar, or omnibus mention the words "Star of Fortune," do not jump to the conclusion that he is an astronomer.

He is merely informing a travelling companion of the existence of a fascinating little puzzle which one of our bright men in the office has invented for JOHN BULL readers to help them while away the long winter evenings.

This puzzle is made up of twenty pieces—and the idea is to assemble them to form a six-pointed star.

The key solution to the "Star of Fortune" mystery will remain in the strong room of Lloyds Bank, Covent Garden Branch, until December 27th, which is the closing date of the competition.

The effort of every entrant will be judged by Mr. Edgar Wallace, the well-known novelist, and the person who sends in a correct star, according to the instructions given with each puzzle, will be awarded a first prize of £250.

£150 is offered as a second prize, and a third prize of £100 will also be given.

In the event of more than one solution being of equal merit the prizes will be divided.

Start right away and win.

Our £1,500 Prize-Winner.

THE winner of the first prize in our 10th Birthday Competition is Mr. Herbert Hulse, of Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, who sent in under the assumed name of George Morris, c/o Mrs. James, 51, Buxton Street, Sneyd Green, Hanley, Staffs. His clever and entirely original "Bullet" "A Big Mistake—Thinking 'Firebrand' 'Liberty's Torch'" would, of course, have secured the first prize just the same had he competed in his own name. No inquiry is made regarding the identity of a winner until the first prize has been finally awarded. Mr. Hulse is a commercial traveller, married, and 42 years of age. He has been a consistent competitor, and informs us that the winning "Bullet" was composed in a few moments, and was posted to reach us on the closing date. We congratulate Mr. Hulse on the happy thought which won £1,500.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 463.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
MR. A. H. BARNARD, Conisborough, Yorkshire.

Example:—WHAT ENGLAND EXPECTS
Bullet:—TAXATION RELAXED—RE-LAXATION UNTAXED.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
MR. W. L. MATTHEWS, 24, St. Mary Street, Ross, Herefordshire.

Example:—THE REAL THING.
Bullet:—BALLOT-BOX, NOT SOAP-BOX.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
MISS S. DIXON, 19, Ardleau Road, Highbury, N.5.

Example:—TRUTH WILL OUT.
Bullet:—HAIRPIN—WIFE'S BORED.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. WELSH, The Anchor, East Street, Horsham, Sussex.
GOOD HIDING—OFTEN EXPS "PIRATE'S" ADVENTURES.

G. W. COPEMAN, 34, Peel Street, Lincoln.
THE REAL THING—IDEA—TILL SLEPT ON.

GEORGE MANN, 59, Scholars Road, Balham, S.W.12.
THE REAL THING—AS CENSOR, COMMON-SENSE SIR.

R. D. WORMALD, The New House, Monmouth, Mon.:
TRUTH WILL OUT—CAT SPITS AT SAUSAGE.

J. W. SMITH, 44, Molineux Street, Derby:
DAMP SQUIB—COMEDIAN'S PAUSE, AUDIENCE DITTO.

R. WILSON, Temperance Billiard Hall, Cross Street, Sale, Cheshire:
MODERN EVE—FINDS IMITATION COSTLY FLATTERY.

HAROLD J. GAZETT, Ashwelle Avenue, Norton-on-Tees:
OLDEST INHABITANT—REMEMBERS WATERLOO—ALSO EUSTON.

M. I. SCOTT, Heath End, Nr. Berkhamsted, Herts.:
QUESTION OF COLOUR—LYNCH-LAW OR UNWRITTEN LAW.

A. R. BURROWS, Langtree Village, Nr. Gt. Torrington, North Devon:
THE WIZARD—"DICTATED"—TILL "MACHINE" BROKE.

C. H. FOSTER, 16, Berkeley Avenue, Harehills Lane, Leeds:
WIN OR LOSE—RAILWAYS PLUNGE A FARTHING

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

WILLIAM J. BAKER, Ditton Street, Ilminster.:
NOVEL CHARACTER—BEAUTY UNCONSCIOUS OF IT.

MRS. M. MILLER, 18, Clifton Gardens, Maida Vale:
FOOTBALL CROWDS—DON'T CARRY REVOLVERS—YET.

NORA G. PLANT, Health Department, Birmingham:
POPULAR STAR—IF CHORUS PRESENTS BOUQUET.

C. S[illegible]GHNESSY, 10, Fuse Street, Plumstead, S.E.18:
SWEET AND SOUR—LEMON AT HALF-TIME.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

FRED BROWN, 20, Cavendish Street, Barrow-in-Furness.:
SPORTS SPORT—JUDGE ASKING SENSIBLE QUESTIONS.

FRED ROBINSON, c/o 29, Nottingham Road, Loughborough:
STORY—FOR HIMSELF—POOR REPENTANCE.

HARRY PEARSON, 27, Z Street, Quarry Bank, Cleverley Hill, Staffs.:
MUSICAL LIGHT OPERA—HONESTY, WHEN REWARDING ITS.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MRS. S. ELLIS, 2, Stonebridge Way, Wembley:
FOOTBALL CROWDS—WANT TWENTY-TWO "MAGICIANS."

R. T. KERR, 8, Mountain View, Queen's Road, Peadal:
WHAT ENGLAND EXPECTS—MORE EXPENDITURE—OF THOUGHT.

MRS. N. TROTT, 92, Edward Street, Nuneaton:
OLDEST INHABITANT—PROBABLY ONCE PUNCH'S YOUNGEST.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2nd PRIZE £100

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

3rd PRIZE £50

100 PRIZES OF 5/-

3,000 TARGET PRIZES

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

100 TURKEYS

These specially selected Turkeys will be dispatched to reach their respective prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 EACH.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 465.

THE BRITISH LION
POLLING DAY
IN A FOG
ELECTION PROMISES
JOHN BULL'S POLICY
SHE SAID TO HIM
CONSERVATIVE PARTY
REMEMBER
MY VOTE
BIT TOO MUCH
MIDNIGHT FOLLIES
LABOUR
KISSING THE BABY
A GUY
WHAT FATHER LIKES
DIZZY
A HAIRPIN
BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
POLICE CHARGES
A QUEER COLLECTION
SO SIMPLE
TEN YEARS WED
ONCE UPON A TIME
JOY IN STORE
FISHY STORY
BEFORE THE RACE
QUICK WORK
AT IT AGAIN
GLIDING
TURNING THE CORNER
A STIFF PROPOSITION
WICKED LOT
THE LITTLE ONES
YOUNG PUPPY
IN THE PULPIT
COMIC CUTS
FAME AND FORTUNE
MANAGING WIFE
UP IN THE AIR
MANY A MISS

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet:—WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 465, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 16.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(465) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 16.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(465) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 16.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(465) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 16.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(465) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

A complete list of 100 Turkey Prizewinners in Competition No. 463 will be sent on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope; this list will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."

A list of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the First Prizewinner in "Bullets" Competition No. 462 can now be seen at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Railway Bookstall, Hanley, Staffordshire.

When there are Saucepans to clean- let Vimmy take your place.

VIM
FOR CLEANING AND SCOURING DISHES AND CLEANING ALL KITCHEN UTENSILS
ALWAYS READ THE DIRECTIONS
BROTHERS
DON'T APPLY THE VIM DRY.
VIM
FOR CLEANING AND SCOURING DISHES AND CLEANING ALL KITCHEN UTENSILS.
ALWAYS READ THE DIRECTIONS.
BROTHERS LIMITED

EVERY housewife is proud of her cooking; it's gratifying to see an appetising meal appreciated by the family, but it means there are lots of pots and pans to clean—a task she does *not* appreciate. Leave them to Vimmy—he'll clean and polish them all without any trouble.

Vim is splendid for cleaning all cooking utensils; whether they're aluminium, iron, steel, copper, brass or earthenware, Vim will make them all bright and clean. Use Vim for cleaning woodwork, stonework, oilcloth and linoleum, cutlery and crockery.

When things are dim—
Just give 'em VIM.

IN SPRINKLER-TOP CANISTERS

Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

CLEANSER VIM & POLISHER
FOR METAL, WOODWORK, TILES ETC.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

V 922—24

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